WHY WE LIVE.

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WHY WE LIVE.

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"In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you."—*St. John, 14:2.*

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I Inscribe this Small Work

To my Wife,

Who stood at my side in the hour of Adversity, clothed in the same Pure Robe of Constancy that she wore when a Bride in the Brightness of Prosperity.

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PREFACE.

In sending forth this little volume, like a waif upon the sea of literature, I beg leave to inform its readers that it is the author's first venture, and as a first offense is always treated with leniency I hope that his work will not meet with an undue measure of censure. He seeks not to place his name high upon the tablets of fame, but he would fain lead others to a consideration of the glorious truths which have been to him a beacon light when tossed upon the waves of adversity.

The glory to be revealed to us when we pass from the shore of time to that of eternity is far beyond the imagination of finite beings, but we may well believe that sometimes a ray from the golden gates ajar illumines our pathway, dispersing the clouds in our earthly sky, and some faint echo from the music of the spheres may be heard, even as the angelic strains gladdened the hearts of the shepherds of Bethlehem.

The shining ladder, upon which angels ascend and descend, still forms a link between earth and heaven as of old, though invisible to mortal eyes. There is still a compensation for every cross we patiently bear; rest for the weary; a heavenly home and friends for the desolate; and Immanuel, our hope, our consolation, liveth forever.

Could we but realize that the Bow of Promise ever spans the darkest cloud; that after storm comes the sunshine, that the love and tender mercy of our Father is over all; that every day, if rightly spent, adds to our eternal treasures; how light would

seem our daily trials, and how much more watchful would we be to keep our robes spotless while awaiting the call of our Master.

The blessedness of hope and joy, the foretaste of the bliss prepared for us may now be ours, and that others may be led to more frequent contemplation of the divine love and the future happiness of the redeemed, the author has endeavored to embody in the form of a vision his own views of this life and the life beyond the vale.

There are not many households where there is no vacant chair; and O, may the hope of that blessed re-union and the knowledge of the ministration of the departed be to us like the Star of Bethlehem, guiding us heavenward.

May the bereaved mothers who, like Rachel, refuse to be comforted, see in the little Airarchs, the child angels, the types of their own loved ones; not lost, but translated to the mansions of light, to await their coming. May the perusal of these pages bring the realization of these truths to every mind, that the future life is a glorious reality and that heaven is not far away.

I earnestly hope that this seemingly prophetic vision may give to others the pleasure and consolation which I have derived from it, and I commend it to all who look for a better country, even a heavenly.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

La Porte, Ind.

INTRODUCTION.

In presenting this small work to the public, I seek to share with my readers some views of the future life, which have been an unfailing source of consolation and sweet communion between the dear partner of my life and myself, under the influence of which we have been encouraged to press on through the storms of life as well as its sunshine.

And as I have written out the following thoughts for our own satisfaction and encouragement, I feel confident that they will afford an occasional reader a portion of the same enjoyment; for we are all journeying toward that promised Haven of Rest, while many are so near as to almost touch the veil which hides its sacred glories.

For one to hear the fireside conversation of a family of parents and children, as each one paints with earnest tones the vivid picture of a better land, where they hope to find a happier home, would be to realize the joy of the pilgrim, as he paints upon the canvas of his imagination the picture of his beautiful home in Heaven.

Being first established in our faith in the certainty of an Eternal Source and Center of creative power, we have around us an evidence that the Eternal Source and Fountain of all things is wrapped in the pure and beautiful folds of infinite love and compassion; for, let us query, Is man, whose better nature breathes love and compassion to his race and for suffering everywhere, more compassionate and loving than his Creator? The

voice of God, out of the depth of our surroundings, breathes forth its silent answer, in a language of convincing power, wherein we learn that except the source and fountain overflows with the balm of love and compassion, we would not perceive its odor or feel its healing virtue in the issuing stream. And what are its streams but the continual outflowing of life immortal, even though it be wrapped in a casket of mortal frailties, in which we, as children of our Heavenly Father, are to dwell, until our probation is over, and our time has come to inherit the crown prepared for us, if so it be that we are worthy of it.

I have called into use the character of Lucifer, in connection with that of Immanuel, by the way of an allegory, to show that not only in our Savior have we infinite love, but that in Jehovah it is one of the supreme attributes.

If the question should be raised as to the Archangels and Seraphs not tasting with Immanuel of the infirmities of the flesh, the answer will be that our Redeemer, having realized the sorrows and infirmities of his children, was ordained by His Father, as a fit teacher of His own exalted servants in the sublime attribute of compassion, of which He Himself became possessor, and which they drank in with that facility which so well becomes beings accustomed to visiting the afflicted, the sick, and the dying, a vocation finding its impulse in this beautiful compassion which permeates the life and character of every angelic being, even the better part of frail humanity.

THE AUTHOR.

WHY WE LIVE.

CHAPTER I.

Eusebius in a Dream Enters the Confines of Heaven.—The Archangel Gabriel Reveals to Him the Vocation of an Archangel and the State of the Redeemed.—He is Entranced by a Sight of the Promised Land.—He Meets Angelic Friends; with them He Crosses the Jordan and Enters the Abodes of the Blest.—The Story of Abella and Caina.—Altheous and His Kindred Return to Earth and Escort the Freed Spirit of His Wife to Heaven.

Amid the solitude of the place, the glory of the fast departing day and the crimson brilliancy of a western sky, shedding its evening light upon the landscape around, Eusebius reclined for repose beneath the trembling foliage of the lofty boughs of an ancient oak; lost in the wilderness of thought and the revery of meditation, he was soon veiled in the oblivion of sleep, but it was a continuous dream, wherein he wandered among the beatitudes of heaven, of which he now speaks.

From far out into the blue sky of eternity, from far above the surging throes of the conflicting interests of restless humanity, there seemed to fall upon my sensitive ear the sweet vibrations of heavenly music, not known to mortal ears; each

moment the strains of music and of song became more soul-thrilling and intensified. And now I stood gazing upward and before a world unveiled, and beheld the glory of Archangels and angels, the disembodied souls from every nation, kindred, tongue and creed, as they ascended and descended or coursed their way through the trackless air or void above me, on missions of mercy and love. I now saw plainly that but a few days' journey upwards and outwards, beyond the atmosphere of this material world, there would be found by nearly all of us, in due time, a region of calm peace, a Paradise for the weary, the afflicted and the tempest-tossed. To spiritual eyes it seemed a world as intensely material as this transitory world appears to the mortal vision, where were hills and vales, rivers and lakes, also the habitations of the angels, the proportion and appearance of which mark the distinction of one angel from another, showing the abundance of his gifts, among which is the power of mind over matter.

While this mortal world seems so intensely material, it is but a transient world of shadows; a mere *fac simile* of that spiritual world whose mansions are not made with hands, and whose fruitful trees and vines yield not their products by the toil of the weary or the sweat of their brows, but by

the power of the gift of Immanuel, Whose throne is in the midst of Paradise.

I was informed of these things by an angel who seemed to be a Prince among the powers of the air, and the only one with whom I was yet privileged to hold communion. Around his brow shone a diadem of gold and precious stones; his voice was most heavenly; with its every intonation I felt the effect of his thrilling power through every nerve; in his presence I seemed without power to move, excepting as he willed it. Said he:

"I am an Archangel and one who is often surrounded by a legion of angels, who have been long watching and waiting for loved ones on earth to be translated from couches of sickness or from lives of temptation and woe into a world of eternal rest and peace; and the angels, knowing my vocation is to gather these kindred and friends into their eternal homes, start at the sound of the trumpet's call, which vibrates through the vernal beauties of that pleasant home, and those who have often visited and long waited for and watched over some loved one, or from a sense of duty stood at the side of the friendless and desolate, now again return with the throng, this time to receive with joyous welcome the ones to whom they have

been guardian angels so long, and for whom they have crossed the mighty Jordan and traversed the trackless void, which lies between the promised land and this dark world of mortality, a thousand times or more.

"And as I lean over the soul struggling to be free from its mortal prison, the hosts around me love to sing Immanuel's praise, because of the mighty wand of death, which thus delivers the captive from his prison house of clay. And then as I speak in the power of my most holy calling, 'Son of man, arise! angels, receive the new born babe!' the kindred and those who have been guardian angels to the new comer form an escort to cross the trackless Erebus.

"This dark region is never without some band of ministering angels going earthward or returning with their prize and their joy, which may be a parent, a brother, sister, child or friend, and never without the joyous strain of heavenly music and the shouts of praise and thanksgiving to their beloved Immanuel.

"Thus the vocations of the angels are continual and full of joy; there is no homeless or desolate one; no tempted or forsaken; nay, none, however much the dark clouds of affliction have overtaken him, who has not some ministering spirit to guide

his faltering steps and to receive him with a joyous manifestation at his deliverance from captivity. And as he nears the confines of that happy world, his kindred, who have gone before, shall leave their homes in that vernal clime, to be of the band who will be the joyous escort to accompany him across the darksome vale and over the mighty flood, into the paradise of rest, to receive a house not made with hands, but by the power of the will of angels."

As we were now nearing the beautiful land of Immanuel and the green fields of Elysium my joy was ecstatic. I was as one intoxicated, and my surprise being plainly manifested, the Archangel, whose name I now found to be Gabriel, spoke in that happy style which betrayed the continual joy of his busy life, and said:

"The redeemed of Paradise are composed of souls that have escaped from their prison house of mortal clay; there is for them no more care, no more passion or strife, which once had their origin in the necessities of the mortal body, because the soul has escaped from that temporal body and has now a spiritual one, which has far different necessities, and which necessities have no motive power in his life and conduct. Hence his life is serene and happy, because rest and peace from accus-

tomed strife is his portion forever, and he is ever conscious of his high estate."

Now the glittering emblems, as they reflected from the tall spires and the lofty domes and the golden temples of Immanuel's eternal city, glistened in the morning light across the mighty waters of Jordan. I breathed the fragrance of ripe fruits and of the flowers of an eternal summer.

It seemed now as if I could go no farther towards such an overwhelming glory. I said:

"O, Gabriel! thou who art esteemed so eminently holy, if I cannot endure the distant sight of the Promised Land, how can I live in the midst of its glory and dwell in its peaceful vales?"

"Fear not, my child," said Gabriel, "thou shalt see greater things than these, even that beautiful vale and the hills where thy kindred dwell and who have been forming a little band to meet thee; therefore were busily engaged in making wreaths and garlands of fragrant flowers to deck themselves and thee; but now I must leave thee for a season, for behold they are near."

In a moment I saw him no more, save the mystic cloud which veiled him from my sight, and sped its way towards the divine palace and throne of Immanuel, which reflects the majestic glory of its golden roof upwards and against the ever present

mystic cloud, which overshadows it as a halo of glory.

And now I heard familiar voices mingling with strains of music, and my own name as the subject of their angelic melody. Now they were around me; each one grasped me by the hand, and, with a kiss, sang sweet solos of welcome; then I was crowned with a garland of fragrant flowers. Then we turned towards the eternal homes of the blest. We had now to cross the peaceful bosom of Jordan, the tide of which flows on with the ever gentle murmurings of peace, and on the opposite side, where the shores of Paradise dip gently into its placid waters, I beheld myriads of heavenly beings rejoicing in pleasant and shady groves. But Jordan is a turbid flood to those who seek to cross its waters against the will of Immanuel. Of its peculiarities I will be led to speak hereafter.

As it was ordained from the beginning of time by Immanuel, that but few angels, beside the Archangels, Seraphs, Cherubim and Airarchs of Paradise, should cross over Jordan without passing through its waters, it became necessary for our little company to call upon one of our kindred named Altheous, whom Immanuel endowed with gifts above the rest of them, because of his great deeds, when being tried with a tempestuous body

in the darkness of the world, and having conquered many of the propensities of his mortal nature, Immanuel decked him with a jeweled crown and confirmed his power, not only over his own nature, which is the common gift of all angels, but also the power of his immortal mind over matter to a great extent. And thus, by the power of his mind over matter, he formed for our little band a beautiful bark, with the symbol of "Welcome" upon its bow. As we glided swiftly through the waters I was led to exclaim:

"O, the happy throng in their spotless robes of white, with whom I now share the final joy of a place among the redeemed!"

For the angels, of whom I saw so many on the river and along the shore of the Elysian Fields, seemed radiant with the consciousness of their supreme happiness. Said Altheous:

"They know not the wasting hand of time; they know the certainty of an enduring life of peace."

We now reached the opposite shore. When the last one stood upon the pebbly strand, we turned towards a waiting chariot, our bark having resolved itself back again into the watery flood.

Having learned of the great will power of many of the angels over matter and the elements of the spiritual world, I was not much astonished at see-

ing a chariot not made with hands, or even when I saw how smoothly and majestically we wheeled along the golden pavements of the Eternal City, or made our way beneath the overspreading branches of wayside trees, borne down with fragrant fruits and flowers.

As we continually passed the mansions of the blest and saw the sweet and peaceful enjoyment of their occupants, my soul seemed to partake of the transcendant bliss around me. On our way along this joyful route we were continually meeting the shining chariots of angels as they were going to and from their kindred and friends scattered over the hills and vales of Paradise.

It seemed strange that we were now without the power of traversing the air; but Altheous now spoke and said:

"That power is accorded to all at times; all who have a mission to the realms of earth to soothe the sore wounds of the tempted and tossed or to watch at the bedside of the sick and dying, or go to welcome and escort one much loved and long looked for to this happy place of the redeemed. But not until they have crossed the stream of Jordan earthward can they take their flight, except upon occasions of which I shall hereafter speak. But the Archangels, Seraphs and

certain ones of the redeemed of Paradise go whither they will in their heavenly missions of duty."

Turning from his subject somewhat abruptly, Altheous again said:

"In yonder house at the foot of that sloping green, from whence the fragrance of violets imparts such a rich perfume to the air, and over which you can see those hanging clusters of ripe fruit, and close by that fountain where the pebbled brook receives its wasted waters and winds itself away into the verdure of the gardens beyond, you behold the dwelling in which two happy brothers live with their families, while their kindred cluster near them in beautiful dwelling places of their own. Abella and Caina are their names. They have lived on this spot for nearly six thousand years, according to the calendar of earth.

"Abella abounds in the rare gifts of mental power, by which he formed his beautiful house from a crystal rock, and has willed from the elements around him those lofty trees bending with foliage and fragrant flowers, and yonder grove with bending boughs of ripe fruits, and the verdure which carpets so smoothly the rolling lawns. And their beautiful chariot he also made by the gift of that mental power. But Caina abounds in no gifts, save those which are common to all the

angels in heaven ; among which are the supreme control over his own mind and body, and possessing the gift of silent correspondence which exists between them when widely separated. Yet Caina is supremely happy ; a halo of serene peace pervades the atmosphere around him ; a cord of pure love, as a silver chain, enduring as eternity itself, binds them together.

"The antiquity of their home is often revered by angels of later birth as they pass the noted place."

So intently was I listening to the affecting story of Abella and Caina that I was not aware of our nearness to the home of Altheous until the sweet tones of music and the welcome songs of children were heard, who gathered around the pearly gateway, each one with garlands of flowers, which they, with one accord, showered upon me. Being a new-born child of heaven, the fragrance thereof and the songs of welcome, and, more than all, the sight of these little ones coming to meet me, and all the glory which I thus far beheld, caused me to fall upon my face towards the throne of Immanuel in adoration and thanksgiving for such rest and peace, reserved for even the least of His children now journeying through the dark vale of mortality.

While thus engaged, the melody of happy voices proclaimed loud praises to Him Who made the earth, its mortality, its necessities, its sorrows, its temptations and death, and thus made us angels to live in blessed immortality.

We now descended from the chariot, and I realized for the first time the final meeting of all my earthly kindred who have gone before me, many of whom have ministered unto me when clouds of darkness seemed to hide me from every hope, and finally brought me as a welcome guest to share their joys in this their happy home forever.

Among the household of Altheous there were many wearing coronets of gold and of silver, the number of jewels set therein being according to the degree of the power of mind over matter, which is the unfailing reward of the righteous who have passed through the probations of a former life with a pure, unsullied record, and there were many also possessing no gifts save those common to the angels of heaven, among which were the sure guaranty of a beautiful and happy home in Paradise among loved ones from whom they have long been separated, and the perfect subjection of their bodies and their lives to the will of Immanuel, which is written upon their hearts with indelible clearness.

But then it is an eternal and universal necessity of Paradise, that the angels of heaven, who possess no gifts and wear no seraphic emblems upon their brows shall receive of those who have, and those from whom they receive shall rejoice to give; and, furthermore, though divested of those many emblems of seraphic dignity and power, their clear remembrance of the conflicts of the past during their seemingly long probation in the region of mutability, and how often temptations overcame them, and how utterly unworthy their own consciences taught them to feel, bring to them the keenest realization of their present and eternal happiness, with no more temptation to disobey Immanuel's will, but to rejoice in the sunshine of obedience to Him and His eternal laws.

Now, Altheous, having heard the sound of Gabriel's trumpet, as its vibrations touched the ears of many expecting ones who have long been waiting for the allotted time when they, too, shall once again welcome some dear kindred by the hand to a more enduring home with them in Paradise, moves along his ever-willing chariot. It is now beneath the marble porch of the heavenly mansion waiting. Altheous is now seated, and his daughter Mara, filled with expectant joy, is at his side. She, too, wears a diadem of gold which

decorates her serenely peaceful brow, which is the reward of many a victory over temptation when she, alone with her good mother, walked the dark vales of earth until the voice of Gabriel awoke her from death to life, and her own dear father, in company with other angelic kindred, was her escort to this her home in heaven.

And when the two sons of Altheous completed the little band, the chariot moved along. When near the pearly gates all the household gathered around with garlands of flowers, with which the little band, composed of father, sons and daughter, are to welcome and decorate a mother, now alone and desolate, even sick unto death, in the dark world of sorrow. Mara says she learned from the Seraph who came over with us from the great palace of Immanuel not long ago, that their dear mother, after she crossed the great Jordan, would receive a golden crown with many glittering gems.

Then, with tears of joy, the little band departed, amid loud singing from many a happy heart. They sped rapidly along the golden pavements and soon they were by the river shore. Mara this time formed a beautiful bark after her own ideas of beauty, when they set out to cross the river. At last when they stepped upon the shores of the trackless void, their bark resolved itself back to

the elements from whence it was formed, and now they sped their flight towards the world's conflicting regions. Though dark and cheerless was the void itself, it was a joyful pilgrimage, because of the continual passing of legions and bands of angels with music, and the joyous melody of happy hearts over the redeemed, as they were being escorted towards their eternal rest.

It was at the hour of solitary midnight when they found themselves standing by the bedside of that dear, sick, suffering body. It was her whom they loved to call "mother," and, with strains of music, they sang many of those heart-appealing songs which are sung only by the angelic hosts of heaven. For a few moments at a time she seemed to hear the beautiful strains of melody, as it filled the chamber of her sufferings, and more than once Mara unveiled herself to that dear guardian of her once helpless infancy, when she would exclaim:

"Hark! Oh, how sweet! It is heavenly music that I hear! I behold an angel; it is my Mary!"

And these exclamations fell with a comforting assurance upon the listening ears of the sad relatives and friends of this devoted woman, who so patiently watched the fast failing form of her whom they would fain hold still longer, that they might show once more how dearly they loved her.

Altheous and his two sons were now visiting the afflicted in the region around the old familiar haunts of their mundane home, who being tempted and tried beyond the seeming powers of endurance, were fast gliding towards the shoals of despair; but these angelic guardians, by the faithful promptings of love, whispered in the still, secret chambers of their inmost souls the accents of encouragement and crowned them with the unseen garlands from their own distant home in Paradise.

It was drawing near the hour when they should hear the music of the minstrels of the approaching hosts of Gabriel, therefore the three returned where lay the suffering form of the once wife and mother, whom they hoped soon to receive as one redeemed from all the storms of mutability. Now, as they leaned over the bedside of that dying mother, they heard with tears of joy the seraphic strains of melody, which was but the forerunner of the presence of the Archangel and the hosts around him. Soon the glory of his presence filled the room; a smile of joy passed over the face of the suffering one as she saw, even with her mortal vision, the angels around her. With happy accents she exclaimed:

"O, how beautiful! It is heavenly! I now see things unutterable!"

Then with beating hearts of joy that husband, those sons and the living daughter, standing among the seraphs of heaven, watched the bending form of Gabriel wrapped in the mystic cloud around him, as he called aloud :

" Daughter, arise ! Angels, receive the new-born babe !"

The struggling soul was now a new-born child of heaven, a companion linked in the closest affinity to that husband and his children around him ; that same silver cord of pure love binds them here where there is no marriage ; where there is no sex to disturb the harmony of its joyous expression.

The little band, being decked with the garlands of flowers they brought, took their flight towards the land of the redeemed.

Now the happy wife and mother, being clothed with a pure white robe, was to be called by a new name ; she was henceforth to be called Gabrela, because the Archangel who redeemed her had marked it upon her forehead, which in due time would be replaced by a beautiful diadem which would be the emblem of her rank and power while still her name would be the same.

When they had left far behind them the shadows of the world below, with the usual melody of

a joyous band which bears away heavenward a beloved one redeemed from earth, they were startled, though not with fear, at the distant rolling clouds of blackness, as the lightning flashed and the thunders made the region quake around them. Its course, though at first towards them, was now for the dark regions of Erebus.

Upward and outward for many hours Gabrela, with her beloved husband and children about her as escorting angels, sped their flight through the dim light of that dark region ; and as they passed and re-passed the hosts of seraphic beings in their aerial courses, they still, with a sense of something awfully sublime, beheld it on its course. Gabrela, not knowing the mysteries around her, was fearful.

"Fear not, dear mother, in these clouds thou wilt see Immanuel's love," said Mara, as she gathered more closely her mantle about her. "Before we reach the fragrant breezes from the shores of Paradise we will cross its path, then thou shalt behold what many angels in heaven have failed yet to see."

Thus having quieted her fears, Gabrela's countenance shone again with its wonted joy as onward they sped their way towards the land of rest. Now again they saw those clouds ; as they

drew near, the density thereof grew less, so that they now could see thousands and tens of thousands of lost spirits crossing their path, and in their midst were Archangels and Seraphs of heaven, also Cherubim from along the shores of Jordan, from beautiful mansions not made with hands, but by the power of the gift of Immanuel. To Gabrela it was a motely concourse; the mingling of the angels of heaven and the spirits of Erebus was not yet for her to understand.

Then, according to the promise of Mara, the dark cloud passed by them, and Altheous, being of the higher order of the redeemed, saw the significance of that flying concourse and informed them that soon after their arrival home there would be an extraordinary display of the divine mercy of Immanuel.

Again Altheus stands, with a joyful heart, with one more of his little family among the redeemed. With uplifted hands he forms a pearly bark from the shells of the watery depth. Now again he turns his bark across the dividing waters of Jordan.

CHAPTER II.

Eusebius Beholds New Wonders.—The Airarchs, or Child Angels.—He Visits the Gallery of Angelic Art.—The Airarch Alva Gives Him the History of the Statue of His Mortal Body.—Gabrela is Welcomed to Paradise.—The Field of Eden.—The River of Bliss.—The Holy Temple of the Palace of Immanuel.—Pisgah.—The Redemption of the Dwellers of Hadea by Immanuel.—The Reunion of Alva and His Father and the Welcome of Alvero to the Home of Altheous.

After Altheous and his little band of kindred souls had left behind them the fading views of their eternal home on their mission of duty and love, and as I was now left alone to observe the beauties and mysteries of the glories about me, I was greatly startled by the joyful sight which appeared before me; the seraphic forms of many children, representing all the stages of childhood and infancy, many of whom I recognized as among the kindred of Altheous, and who gathered those bright garlands for the decoration of her whom they would receive as one redeemed from the vicissitudes of the world.

I longed to hold communion with such lovely little beings. Now in the admiration of their symmetrical forms, I wondered concerning their mortal existence, for I could see so plainly the marks of innocence upon their childlike brows,

which compared so well with their innocence in mortality, and for which reason they stand first in the heart of Immanuel. While thus musing, I lifted up my eyes to behold them no more, save as a cloud fast receding from my sight.

Being apparently alone, I now sought the gallery of angelic art, the works of gifted angels, who often left as mementoes the works of the willing power of their minds ; which, by the way, varied greatly, not only in the measure of will power, but also in the variety of gifts. While passing the open archway, composed of massive emerald rock, to gain the entrance therein, and as I placed my hand upon one of the golden ornaments thereof, I felt the soft pressure of little hands upon mine, and behold it was one of those child angels, the sweet tones of whose voice came to be my chief delight.

I soon learned of him many things concerning the mysteries around me, and that he, as well as the countless numbers filling their allotted places in every home of heaven, were angels of the order of Airarchs. They possessed the rare gifts of sight and of aerial flight, but failed in the possession of much creative power ; hence, they are appointed to glorify the households of their kindred.

Immanuel delights to manifest to them His en-

during love. Archangels and Seraphs rejoice to meet them in their flight, whether it be among the beatitudes of Paradise or in the dark wastes of Erebus, on their way to the lonely prison house of Hadea, the habitation of lost spirits; whither and unto whom they go with unveiled forms to woo them with glad tidings of redeeming love.

The Airarch still sought my hand until I stood before the life-sized portrait of an august being robed in a mantle of pure white, in whose right hand was a sceptre twined with branches of olive and myrtle.

"Here," said the Airarch child, "is the willed picture of the divine Immanuel, drawn by the will of an angelic artist."

Said I, "is there no price among the angels for the many works they do?"

"For the works of the angels there is no price. We are all, as brothers and sisters, doing one for another. Immanuel has endowed some with gifts which others have not; some with one, and others with two or more; whether it be to will into life the fruits and flowers around us, or form the mantles that robed the redeemed of Paradise, or to call into existance the mansions of the blest and the adornments around them."

As my little Airarch friend was now admiring

the statue of a beautiful little boy, and, while tears of joyous satisfaction trickled from his moistened eyes:

"Here," said he, "is the statue of my once mortal body when I was left alone in the hands of strangers and forsaken by my father, with no mother's care, until the Archangel Gabriel lifted up his voice in my sickness and called my soul away to join Mara and the Airarch escort about her, who were the faithful guardians of my lonely childhood, even unto sickness and death, and this statue is the work of Mara.

"As an Airarch of Paradise I have watched the wayward footsteps of a father, but failed to turn him back to goodness; but ere long he sickened and died, and as there is no angel appointed to receive the soul of one who quenches the light and defies the eternal and unchangeable laws of his God, his soul stepped forth into the darkness alone and wandered up through the cheerless void of Erebus, until the twilight of Hadea shone dimly around his path. Here was a world much like the one he had left behind. The inhabitants thereof are sometimes called demons, because of the fierce necessities of the body. There is a struggle for life because of the same necessities, which being more acute than those of earth, the

fiery darts of passion drive them almost mad without the power of self-destruction.

"All things in the creation of Hadea are more mutable than things earthly. No children breathe the cheerless air of Hadea, and the name of kindred is unknown, though mortal passions rankle in the flesh. Beasts of the wilderness and of the field, fishes of the great deep and of the rivers of the land, and the fowls of the air, with the reptiles and insects of the smaller creation are there for the comfort as well as the perplexity of the lost spirits of Hadea.

"Streams of beauty and of occasional bliss, like the transient joys of earth, often times make light the burdens of the sad souls of Hadea, who have yielded to the gentle wooings of the Airarchs of heaven, whose child-like ways and simple pleadings win back at last nearly all those sin-worn souls to fight and conquer the badness of their natures.

"I am among the innumerable Airarchs who leave their homes in Paradise to whisper in accents of love the glad tidings of an eternal home in heaven, where rest and peace shall be the portion of the good forever. And, as a guardian angel, I ever stood by the footsteps of my father, and so long as he breathed the air of mortality I

strove to lead him from his sinful ways, even until I saw the dark canopy of death overshadow his life, and his soul pass away into the darkness around him, and, with helpless hands, I watched him from afar until, with the instinct of every soul that is lost, he wandered upward and away from his mortal life, and when I saw him enter the dim light of Hadea and the dark necessities of life wrap themselves about him as the coil of a serpent, I turned away as it were on the wings of love and sped with swiftest flight for my home in heaven, where in due time I found myself with the household of the now absent Altheous. Though sad were the tidings I brought, yet there was more joy than sorrow, for now, as an angel of Paradise, I could stand before him unveiled and then he would know me as his child.

"Therefore there was for me a joyous work to do. There were Airarchs who dwelt upon the plains of Beulah, and who were once daughters left alone as I was, without a father or mother in the world, but now are angels in heaven. Now they were as guardian angels and messengers of glad tidings to the souls of kindred in Hadea, so we all with one accord and joyful hearts went forth together as a little band to cross again the trackless void and entered at last Hadea's cheerless climate.

Here our little band dissolved and each child went out on his appointed mission, revealing themselves only unto those to whom they were sent. Now, with the vision of an Airarch of Paradise, I saw upon the waves of a great sea ships from every clime of Hadea; also cities and towns along the coasts where were centered the conflicts of life and the busy tramp of restless souls.

"It was here in one of these great cities of Hadea where, with throbbing heart of joy, I beheld my own dear father toiling at his vocation. Presently I stood before him and laid my hand on his, and then, as I unveiled myself to his sight and smoothed back his faded locks, he fell back unconscious from his work. When he recovered himself, he reached forth his trembling hand and drew me closely to himself, saying, with a vacant air,

"'Where am I?'

"Then rousing himself he seemed eager to hear my story. Then I told him that I was an Airarch and my home was far away in Paradise, and also, as a guardian angel, I watched over his wayward footsteps until his soul was called into outer darkness, and then how with helpless hands I watched him from afar, and as Immanuel continues as ever to send forth the Airarchs of heaven that each

poor soul of Hadea might have some bright ray to guide him in his darkened journey, Immanuel allowed me the joy of coming unto him with messages of His redeeming love. I said to him:

"'Therefore let not thyself be cast down, my dear father, but turn away from the temptations that surround thee; for though thou art among the lost, there is still held out for thee a beautiful home in Paradise, where thou shalt have rest and peace forever, and where thou shalt yet gather thy once happy wife and little child around thee, and where the redeemed of heaven will be thy companions in bliss. When thou wast on earth there was no unveiled messenger from heaven to tell thee of the world on high. But of priests and prophets there were many, and as their knowledge of Immanuel and His kingdom was thought by many to have originated in the fancies of the imagination of men, their teachings weighed but little in the scale of thy resolutions. But now thy loving child, even thine own Alva, is here with a message from Immanuel, thy Redeemer, who still loves thee with an everlasting love, and who, when thou hast bowed thine own will to His loving requirements and thus become His obedient child, will send forth His Seraphs and angels from about His throne in heaven to gather thee, with

many thousands, whom thou wilt meet in the clouds of the air.'

"And as it was not lawful for the Airarchs of Immanuel to linger long at one time about the souls they have come to minister unto, either on earth or in Hadea, I bade the tried soul of my dear father an affectionate adieu and then returned to my own bright home in Paradise.

"Through the many years which have since passed away I continued to visit him, and the years must by this time seem long to his lonely, waiting soul ere his deliverance comes. But it is near at hand, when shall be heard the chiming of all the bells of Paradise, both large and small, even upon the chariots and upon the waving branches of the trees. For upon that day, when I shall behold my father among the redeemed of Paradise, we shall see thousands and tens of thousands of redeemed souls from Hadea. And, as an Airarch of heaven, I see Seraphs, Archangels and angels of Paradise preparing for the great ingathering of lost spirits, soon to be among the redeemed of Paradise forever."

As the time was drawing near for the return of Atheous and his happy family, with the long-waited-for wife and mother, and as the Airarchs were now preparing fresh garlands of flowers for

the occasion, my little friends left me to join the number. They adorned with brilliant festoons of fragrant flowers the gateway and the fountains, and also the statue of the mortal body of the beloved Gabrela, which they placed under a glittering canopy, the pillars of which were of jasper and ruby.

Now this beautiful canopy was formed by the gifted Ilena, the sister of Gabrela, who having had a conscience void of offense when Gabriel received her soul from Earth, Immanuel was pleased to deck her with a jeweled crown of pure gold, and also with many gifts of power.

The little Airarchs, having with busy hands and joyous hearts all things ready, now formed into a little band; each one bearing in his right hand some instrument of sweet music, when they all departed veiled in a cloud from our sight. Ilena had also departed with her own chariot, by the way of the golden pavements of the city.

Now with the remaining household of Altheous I strolled away amidst the fruitful trees of the place; then again among the seemingly endless varieties of the brilliant Flora, many of which Altheous, or perhaps some of his gifted friends, when they formed them into shape, may have copied from some which Immanuel had created for

the Earth, to cheer the path of the pilgrim there; for there were many brilliant flowers which were the same as adorned the home of my earthly childhood.

Our attention was now turned toward the pearly gates and the high-road of the city, for now we beheld a company of Airarch children almost sweeping the pavements, as they swiftly sped along before the decorated chariot of Ilena. With one more joyous shout, and with the concluding melody of sweet music and song, they turned in through the pearly gates, and now stood still before the shining canopy, which Ilena formed in honor of her beloved sister. Then Altheous, Gabrela, and Mara, with her two brothers, alighted from the chariot with the fairy-like steps of angels. Then, with a realizing sense of these heavenly scenes around her, Gabrela was led by the hands of little children to a seat prepared for her at the side of the statue of her earthly body, where she found Ilena waiting to receive her beneath the beautiful canopy.

"Here," said Ilena, with extended hands to welcome her, "is a memorial of welcome to thee, which I formed of the jasper and the rubies of Salem, and adorned it with emeralds and pure gold. Thou seest that the children of thy house-

hold have made it radiant with a profusion of flowers, in anticipation of thy coming."

As the voices of the children were heard again, Ilena and her sister now started to join them, where they found Altheous, with his two sons, who were called Orvian and Gracena, and his daughter Mara, gathering ripe fruits from the yielding boughs above them; for now they were going to have the beloved Gabrela for the first time to partake with them of the ripe fruits of Paradise.

But hark! Faintly they hear the chiming of innumerable bells, and with each fresh zephyr the air resounds with louder notes, and there is no bell in Paradise whose silver tongue beats not in homage to the divine Immanuel, the Redeemer of Earth and Hadea. Now we heard the sound of the great trumpets of the Archangels, proceeding from around His holy throne. Then we beheld Seraphs innumerable in the mystic clouds about them, as they passed over us, calling together the kindred of the lost unto the great hour of redemption.

Now there was a joyous commotion in all the regions of Paradise, while legions of Airarchs, with the returning Seraphs and Cherubim from along the shores of Jordan, filled the air above us

on their way to the place of redemption. The golden pavements of the high-roads were thronged with the glittering chariots of the blest, who with joyous hearts were going to meet their long-lost kindred, who shall now be redeemed from Hadea.

Before I proceed farther I must speak of the glories of the fields of Eden, where the angels of Heaven are wont to assemble to behold the radiance and the glory of Immanuel, and to look upon the transcendently benign beauty of His countenance, hallowed by the unconsciousness of infinite power, which can be realized only by the angels in Heaven, and reveals to the beholding angel the sublime fact that he is in the presence of Immanuel, the Redeemer of the Earth and Hadea. And hither they go to rejoice in the same eternal summer, amid the greater brightness of the ever-blooming flowers, the varieties and coloring thereof excelling the already glorious beauty of the gardens of the angels of Paradise, before even the latter of which the vision of mortal eyes would grow dim.

And then there were the groves, whose perpetual verdure was seen to crown the hills from afar, through which I saw the crystal waters of the beautiful river of Bliss, which coursed its way through hills and valleys and wound itself away

through defiles of massive rocks of emerald and palisades of ruby, and whose shores shine bright as the rainbow, with pebbles of pearl, and the waters thereof are as pure as crystal.

And here it is the delight of Immanuel to see the little child Airarchs ever before His face, or roaming among the fields of Eden, or at their pleasure bathing in the crystal waters thereof. Now overlooking the perennial delights of the fields of Eden is the Holy Temple, or palace of Immanuel, the material of which is of sapphires, rubies and emeralds, while the foundation thereof is of jasper; the floors of the inner courts and the roof of the great dome are made of pure gold. above and round about the dome floats the mystic cloud of the divine Immanuel, which as a halo of glory never fades away.

It is only on occasions of extraordinary exhibitions of Divine mercy and love that an angel can behold the glory of Immanuel's throne and the inner courts of His most Holy Temple, save the Archangels, Seraphs, Cherubim and Airarchs of Paradise, with certain angels, who do always behold His face. The Archangels and Seraphs, not having been mortal, but being the children of Jehovah, created into immediate life by the infinite power of His will, dwell in the fields of Eden and

the palace of Immanuel, and do many of the mighty works of the Redeemer and revel in the brightness of His glory.

Now across the river of Jordan is a lofty hill, called Pisgah, whose declining slopes dip gently into the waters below; from its summit the observer can behold many of the beauties of Paradise. It was here where I beheld a vast assemblage of beings, thousands and tens of thousands, moving to and fro upon the hillsides, from the summit to the waters' edge, seeming, as it were, waiting for some great event.

When I saw Archangels, and Seraphs, and an occasional Cherub flying between the palace of Immanuel and the assembled hosts on the slopes of Pisgah, I remembered the cloud which crossed the path of Altheous and his little band. And these were the lost spirits, who were wrapped in its sable folds, and who have been here for some time waiting for the great triumph of the Redeemer's love.

In the meantime the fields of Eden were thronged with the assembled hosts, who were kindred of of the vast legion now waiting upon the opposite shore. Airarchs of Heaven were seen on all the heights of Eden, waiting also for the eventful moment when they should participate in the great

event, until the final meeting of all the kindred of the two opposite hosts.

Now there was heard a clear subdued voice, from regions above us, saying:

"Be still! Be still!"

Then there was the vivid flashing of lightning, amid dark and changing clouds above us, with peals of quaking thunder, the great sublimity of which made the vast concourse on Pisgah to tremble with fear. Then, in the awful stillness of that solemn waiting which followed, the expectant hosts on either side of the Jordan turned their eyes toward the palace of Immanuel. But, astonished, they turned their gaze heavenward and beheld Immanuel, with many of the Archangels and Seraphs of Heaven, with an innumerable legion of Airarchs, all wrapped in the changing folds of the mystic clouds above them.

And as I beheld Immanuel there upon a pure white throne, I saw Him wave the scepter of His power over the waters of Jordan. At this moment the floods thereof rolled back in mighty torrents, until there was a dry passage-way through the sea of waters. And as Immanuel descended from the throne of His glory, to stand upon the shore of the fields of Eden, there came from the clouds above

the solemn and soul-inspiring melody of these words:

"All hail to the hour
When the waiting souls on Pisgah's heights
Shall pass the watery floods!
All hail to the breathless moment near,
When each sad soul from Hadea's clime
Shall press the sands where his Redeemer stands
And feel the pressure of His hand!"

In the meantime the Cherubim descended among the lost souls on Pisgah, and having marshaled the hosts thereof, they were now passing with them through the divided waters of Jordan.

And as I saw each lost soul approach the place where stood the Holy Redeemer, the latter, in the accents of that love which only is divine, said to the trembling soul before Him:

"O, thou who hast had thy conscience washed clean in rivers of affliction, enter into the joys of Paradise, to be thine forever."

And with the wave of His right hand the poor, trembling soul before Him was instantly changed, and upon his forehead was temporarily written his new name, and, clothed in a white robe, he became one of the redeemed of Paradise. As each redeemed soul now became an angel of Heaven, the Airarchs were continually employed in escorting them to their kindred, in waiting

among the fields of Eden, who, after the usually long and affectionate welcome, with the usual profusion of fragrant flowers and the continual vibrations of heavenly music, immediately departed in their waiting chariots, which with willing speed flew rapidly over the smooth highways for their peaceful homes, always meeting on the way many kindred and friends to welcome the newly-redeemed of Paradise.

By this time I saw the translation of the last soul from Hadea and his final entrance into peace and rest forever, and then, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, I saw Immanuel and the hosts about Him no more.

Now all was hushed in stillness, save the melody of song and of music, which would occasionally be wafted on the breezes from some sylvan retreat among the shades of Eden, or the final roar of the waters of Jordan, as they rushed back in fury to their natural bed.

Now, among the last ones of the redeemed I saw the father of Alva, the little Airarch. It was the final meeting of a father and his little child; the little one who, having been forsaken by a father, afterwards, as a guardian angel from Heaven, followed that father through all the vicissitudes and temptations of Earth, even unto Hadea,

whither his lost soul had wandered. Now at last I beheld him among the redeemed, and he, who is now called Alvero, is with his own little Alva. The two now stepped with happy hearts into the beautiful chariot of Ilena, which she, with the loving kindness of her heart, had brought for their use. Then, after the sisterly salutations of welcome from Ilena, the three turned toward the home of Altheous.

It was a privilege I enjoyed to see with what child-like joy our little Alva pointed out to his father the many passing objects of interest, as they sped along the golden highway, whether it was some sylvan grove, with groups of happy angels resting in their shade, or the history of some ancient mansion and the occupants thereof. Alvero, whose happiness now seemed bordering on the ecstatic, leaned forward upon his hands and exclaimed:

"How is it that I, who have been the most unworthy, even a lost soul in Hadea, have now been made a companion of the blest?"

I saw at this moment the glitter of shining wheels, and then I discovered the chariot of Altheous, and as it neared the searching view of Ilena and Alva, they saw a number of the family of Altheous seated therein, among whom were

two of the three Airarch daughters from the plains of Beulah, who had accompanied Alva at one time to Hadea and at other times to Earth, to perform the offices of guardian angels over a number of their kindred, who were at that time passing through severe affliction, being tempted and tried on every side. From the approaching party there was a joyous welcome to the newly-redeemed one among them.

Being now near home, the two parties soon turned into the pearly gates of Altheous' and Gabrela's home, which was to be the home of Alvero for the present. They had been home but a short time when, to the surprise of Alvero, the children had gathered ripe fruits from the bending boughs above them, and must now have him, accompanied by the household, attend the feast, and as Alva, with the children about him, led along the happy father, they strewed his path with fragrant flowers. This was the first fruit from the trees of Paradise he had tasted, and he wondered at the resolvement of the refuse thereof as they were cast upon the lawn at their feet. Then Ilena, who was always pleased with the opportunity of enlightening the newly-redeemed with whom she met, said:

"There is nothing in Heaven that is unclean,

for Immanuel has provided that all things becoming useless to the angels shall not decay or annoy, but shall disappear to be seen no more."

It now being the time when Ilena should return to her own home, her sister Gabrela resolved to be her companion thither, and there to wait until the ordinations of Immanuel. And having bade adieu to those remaining, and being seated in the ever-ready chariot, passed out of the gates of pearl towards Beulah, and soon they were lost from the view of those of the household of Altheous who were least in the kingdom of Heaven, as their vision was easily obscured by intermediate objects.

CHAPTER III.

The Re-united Family.—The History of Paul, Paulina and their Child.—Gabriel Calls the Soul of Paulina from Earth and Gives Her the Name of Eola.—She is Conducted by Angelic Friends to Heaven and is Instructed in Heavenly Wisdom.—Alvero and Eola Re-united and Ordained as Angels by Immanuel.—Eola Created a Mansion and Embellished it with Statuary for Her Family.—The Cascades of Delphia.—Message of Vernecis to Gabrela.

Now I saw in my dream that which seemed long years ago. Paul, a young man of brilliant parts, just making his entrance upon the stage of manhood to take his part in the busy scenes of the world. Being in a high social position, baptised and educated according to the strict orthodox faith, it seemed not strange to find him soon after an accepted suitor for the hand of Paulina, the good and amiable daughter of a respectable family, and she, being of the same faith, the nuptials were celebrated in the house of God, dedicated to His worship.

With the blessing of parents and relatives, they now, as it were, set out together upon the voyage of life. They lived happily together for a time. But, alas! their joy was of short duration, for soon after their little child had attained the age of two years, the fascinations of pleasure

drew, with imperceptible swiftness, the now unsteady feet of Paul down into the hidden vortex of sin. Heart-rending were the entreaties of that faithful wife for the once loving husband's return to the paths of virtue and peace. But it was of no avail; his companions in revelry were now dearer to him than wife or child. Therefore it was thought best for the abused wife to return to her parents. But Paul refused consent, and still would not refrain; therefore she sorrowfully returned to the home of her youth with their baby-boy, while Paul, resolved on a wild career, rushed blindly on. With a freak of mad jealousy he stole their little boy from the now disconsolate mother, and gave him away to some strange woman, who knew not a mother's love.

Through the vista of the past I see the little one, neglected and abused, upon a loathsome couch, around which only can be seen the carelessness of unloving hands. But upon the other side of the veil the angels of Heaven were gathering around the little bed, to take the infant soul. And that little face, bearing the marks of so much suffering, lights up with a happy smile, to be only the next moment a lifeless casket, to remain with those who were unworthy of its priceless jewel. But that little one is now an angel in Heaven, one

of the child Airarchs of Paradise, and his name is Alva, of whom I have told you much.

During the remaining years of Paul's wayward life, he was oftentimes arrested in his evil course by the uninvited suggestions which would steal a place among the many thoughts which rushed upon his imagination, when in the wakeful quietude of the night. It was then his little forsaken child often leaned over his wakeful form, and with suggestions of love and mercy, and the beauties of a holy life, strove with a faithful love to woo him back to virtue and happiness. But alas! for poor Paul. Sickness overtook him and he died, and in the Potter's-field they laid him away. Thus but a few short years from the day of those happy nuptials he sank into the dust of the Earth, a pauper, while his soul stepped forth into outer darkness.

In the meantime the almost disconsolate Paulina remained beneath the roof of loving parents, and not knowing that Paul was now lying beneath the clods of the Earth, she oftentimes would renew the search for him, in the hope that his own misery had wrought a change in his mind, and thereby would lead him to relent somewhat for her sake and for the restoration of their long-lost child. But all was in vain; and as each succeeding year

had found a place among the scenes of the past, a more hopeful state of mind settled down upon her existence, as the silver linings of a dissolving cloud.

She more than ever was most happy in works of philanthropy, or when soothing the anguish of the wounded feelings of those about her. Many were the temptations that beset her pathway, yet with the crowning hope of her life before her, which was to meet her little one in Heaven, she was always conqueror. Often in the deep meditations of silence, or when her weary nature found its needed rest upon the pillow of her lonely couch, she would say she knew her little boy was near, and even heard the familiar accents of his voice.

Though these were comforting assurances, which beamed continually across her path, there was still an undercurrent of sadness, which stole into the secret recesses of her heart when she thought of that short period of wedded happiness and the eternal doom of her beloved husband, who, for aught she knew, was beyond the reach of prayer.

But then what could she do but to strive continually to say from her heart, "Thy will, O, Lord, not mine, be done!"

Thus the years rolled on, until the silver locks now draped her aged brow. Her life well spent and a conscience void of offense would have been a fountain of pure joy to her soul, had she not truly believed in the eternal punishment of the ungodly.

"Oh," said she, "if I could but once see my little boy in Heaven I would then go down into the vale of darkness with my dear husband, to dwell with him forever; for there would be no joy for me in Paradise if I knew there was no time, even in the distant future, when his punishment would cease, or when he could share with me my joy."

Now, after a long life of faithful servitude in the cause of humanity, this truly good woman yielded up the energies of her life, under the never-failing demands of old age, and, surrounded by faithful friends, who often gathered near to breathe in the pure spirit of her lofty sentiments, she leaned back with the appearance of exhaustion. But it proved to be the last spark of a dying ember, and the dear friends around her had now only the empty casket of the precious jewel to comfort them, which they laid away with tender care beneath the waving branches of her favorite willow.

Now during the closing scenes, as related above, of the life of this most excellent woman, a counterpart thereto was taking place behind the dark veil of death and in the realms of the redeemed. For there was the sound of another trumpet-call, which touched the ears of Alvero and his child, when the little Airarch, Alva, set out with Altheous, Mara and Ilena to watch over the fast-fading life of his lonely mother. Alvero and also Gabrela would have joined the little band, had it been lawful for an angel not ordained to go over into the region of Erebus.

It was not a long while before the little company were at the river's strand, and in a pretty bark of Ilena's formation they soon arrived on the shores of Erebus, from whence they took their flight for the regions of the Earth. On their way thither Alva, who, being an Airarch, descried the mountains and valleys of Hadea and the busy multitudes therein, and he related to his companions the many things he saw, and how, amid the great privations and sufferings there, he could see many who had become purified in the fiery ordeal of continual sorrows, patiently living on until the fulfillment of the appointed time when they should hear the Archangels of Heaven calling them away to peace and rest. And as the little band passed

on and on through the trackless path before them they communed together concerning the wisdom of Immanuel and the beautiful rewards for the pure in heart.

As it is not lawful for man to possess much of the wisdom or knowledge of the angels, I can quote but little of their heavenly communings. But Altheous said to those around him that it was necessary for all the creations of Immanuel to first suffer before they became purified, as gold, when found impure, must be again passed through the fire, so that which stands nearest His heart must from necessity suffer the most And as man is nearest to the heart of Immanuel, and intended ultimately to be His child in Heaven, it is necessary that he should suffer, and if not sufficiently purified on Earth, he must again pass through the fire, until he shall be fit for the kingdom of his Redeemer.

Now they sang praises to Immanuel for the wisdom of His works and the might of His power. Their conversation now being drawn to a close, they found themselves among the familiar scenes of Earth. They now entered the habitation of Paulina, who was surrounded by many faithful earthly friends, who little knew that the angels

were so very near, with her own little boy waiting to take her away to the regions of the blest.

But soon the Archangel Gabriel entered the room, with many angels around him, and while Paulina was still conversing, he called her soul away from the bondage of Earth, and gave her a new name, which was Eola.

Now she clasped her long-lost child to herself, and Altheous, Ilena and Mara gathered around the new-born angel of Heaven, and the little Alva hung about his mother's neck as she wept for joy. With eagerness she inquired:

"Is Paul among the redeemed?"

"Yes, mother," said Alva, "father is in Heaven, waiting for you, and, bound together with a new cord of love, you will never part again. Although his soul passed out from the habitations of Earth but a few years after the sundering of that band which bound you together, he has been among the redeemed but a few days, and therefore could not join our little company to bring you home.

"Since the days of his early manhood, when his soul was called away into outer darkness, he has passed through the furnace of affliction, and in the region of Hadea has been his dwelling-place. But his afflictions have purified his soul, and Immanuel hath redeemed him and given him

a new name and a habitation among the angels of Heaven."

Alva and his mother, having been left alone for a season, while the rest of the company were gone among the downcast and afflicted in regions near by, were now ready to ascend toward Paradise, as they saw Altheous and his companions near at hand. Alva having now adorned his mother with a most beautiful and fragrant wreath of flowers, gathered by the hand of her now redeemed husband in Paradise, they ascended toward the homes of the blest. In a few moments Eola saw the last receding objects on Earth fade away from view, as they swept along upon their path, and continually passed thousands of angels on various missions of heavenly duty.

As the little band ascended higher and farther in their upward course, their conversation grew in interest. Eola, like many who had gone before her, seemed to dread the glory and splendor of Paradise, but being encouraged by those around her, she pressed forward with a joyous heart.

Immanuel seemed to her now as one altogether lovely—whose love and mercy are founded upon infinite wisdom. Now she could understand for herself why the righteous on Earth sometimes suffer more than the ungodly, and why she her-

self, when walking the Earth, had lost a loving husband and a precious child, and oftentimes endured the tortures of hunger and the wounds of pride; to her all this now seemed plain.

Now, when Altheous spoke concerning the unequal division of the riches of the Earth, and how the wicked more often prospered that the godly, he said:

"I often wondered at it, and thought at one time that the Creator of all things loved the wicked more than the righteous, or He would not show them such unequal favors. But the mind of an angel is greater in wisdom than that of man. Therefore I see the infinite wisdom of the Creator in all this, and Immanuel will in due time, through the teachings of His Divine Spirit, reveal unto the willing heart of man the poverty of riches, when weighed in the balance of good and evil. And as riches are not the source of happiness there, He has showered them upon the just and unjust alike, for His own wise purpose. It is a pure and unsullied conscience only that can stand before Immanuel as a redeemed angel of Paradise."

As Altheous finished his sentence the little company with one accord assented thereto, and as they now poured forth the melody of happy

hearts in praises to Immanuel, the sweet breath of fragrance, wafted upon the air by some gentle zephyr, came as a memento from the Paradise of the redeemed.

When the angels had ceased to sing, the voice of Alva broke the silence of the company, saying:

"My dear mother, in a few moments thou shalt see the shining dome of the Palace of Immanuel; then shall open upon thy vision more and more of the glories of Heaven."

And while he yet spoke, they came in sight of the river, and but a moment longer found themselves standing upon the shore of the river of Paradise, more often called Jordan, because of its figurative meaning. With uplifted hands Altheous once more formed, from the pearly shells of the river, a bark of wonderful beauty, and soon they had all embarked upon the bosom of its rippled waters; and, as they glided smoothly and rapidly along, it called from the lips of Eola the expressed feelings of a redeemed soul, and she said:

"All of my afflictions and my sorrows in the shadows of Earth have pointed with the unvarying steadiness of a compass to this beautiful river, over which the angels now ferry me to the Promised Land."

Ilena now called the attention of Eola to the radiance of the flowery groves of the Elysian fields, which were just opening upon their vision, and as Eola turned her eyes toward the increasing beauties of the approaching shore and the innumerable angels among its sylvan shades, she joined in the surprise of the little band around her at the sight of a small legion of Cherubim, who were on their way toward the fields of Eden. Said Mara, as she still gazed after the receding sight:

"I believe these are the Cherubim who will accompany Immanuel in his ordinations. They will be seen for a season among the fields of Eden and around the Palace of Immanuel.

"When I was a newly redeemed soul, I wondered concerning their life, as they seemed to dwell mostly along the shores of the river Jordan, so when Homillia, the beloved and gifted angel of Immanuel, one day came over to our peaceful home to enjoy the many pictures and works of art, representing the scenes and persons of earthly recollections, I received of him a more perfect knowledge concerning the life of the beautiful Cherubim. But as we are now nearing the shore, and Eola and her long-separated Alvero will soon stand together among the redeemed of Heaven,

I will wait for a more convenient season, or perhaps you may hear the conclusion from the lips of Homillia himself."

But a few moments more brought them upon the pebbly strand where stood Alvero, with eyes suffused with tears of joy, and upon whose neck the overjoyed Eola hung. At this moment there appeared about them the mystic cloud, and in the air above could be seen innumerable Cherubim, in company with the Divine Immanuel.

Eola and Alvero, being overshadowed by the mystic clouds of their Redeemer, received the pressure of His hand, together with the Divine blessing, which was to endure forever. Then He stooped upon the ground and lifted a pearly pebble from the strand, and, as He breathed upon it, it resolved itself into a beautiful diadem. There were but few in Heaven that exceeded it in beauty and the number of its jewels. With His right hand He placed it upon the brow of Eola, and with it many were the gifts she received.

Alvero received, with an enduring blessing, the same gifts which were common to all the redeemed of Paradise, among which were perfect contentment and happiness forever.

Now, as the Cherubim's sweet strains of music and the melody of praise and thanksgiving came

pleasantly upon the listening ear, Immanuel ascended with the clouds about Him, and so parted from the little group of kindred and friends.

Recovering from the amazement of so great an exhibition of the Divine love of Immanuel, Eola and Alvero unitedly exclaimed,

"What can we render unto our Redeemer for all the abundance of His mercies?"

And with emotions of love and thanksgiving toward their Father and Redeemer, they stepped into the waiting chariot, where their friends were now seated, with Orvian, one of the sons of Altheous, who came in company with Alvero to welcome the newly-redeemed, and to bring the chariot for the return of them all to their happy home. Now Orvian willed along with rapid speed the chariot with its angelic load.

As they passed the many mansions, created and adorned according to all the varied fancies of their occupants, Eola was much pleased when she learned how the creators of these heavenly homes, as mementos of some earthly association, formed many of the objects around them after the likeness of earthly things.

As it was the request of Ilena to go by the way of the cascades of Delphia, formed from the crystal waters flowing from the fountains in the fields

and gardens of Beulah, they passed around that way, and, among the many objects of interest, Ilena pointed out a beautiful field, the undulating slopes of which bowed gracefully to the water's running tide, which leaped out from the troubled foam of the cataract of Delphia.

"Here," said Eola, as with peaceful joy she turned to her husband and child, "is the field which Immanuel hath prepared for us, to be for us a dwelling place forever. And here I shall build for us a beautiful mansion, which shall be pleasing to my dear husband and child."

Then said Altheous, "As this is the field prepared for you, it would be well to form, from some beautiful rock, a memorial monument in memory of this most notable day of the existence of thyself and thy little family, and unto which you will look back from all eternity, as do the loving brothers, Abella and Caina, to the emerald pillar which Abella formed many thousand years ago, which now sparkles in the sunlight as bright as of old, and upon which Time has made no effacing marks."

Now Eola, with her family and friends, alighted from the chariot and rambled over the flowery meadows of their beautiful field. Near by the foaming spray of the cataract Alvero found a solid

rock, resembling the mother of pearl. From this rock Eola formed a beautiful triangular column, upon a base of larger size, and upon each side of the triangle she created the statuary figures of the earthly bodies of Alvero, Alva and herself.

"Now," said Altheous, "this field is yours unto eternity."

They now returned to the chariot and were soon wheeling along over the golden way ; now through the green valleys and again surmounting some elevated plain, over which were dotted the fruitful groves and fragrant gardens belonging to the redeemed. And as they passed over the road with a flying speed they were now nearing the conspicuous gateway of the home of Altheous and Gabrela, over which the Airarch children hung festoons of fragrant flowers. As they now passed through the pearly gateway, the child Airarchs strewed the passing chariot with a profusion of the rarest flowers of Paradise, accompanied with the melody of children singing a joyful welcome to Eola, the newly-redeemed daughter of Paradise. They alighted from the chariot, and Eola was shown by Alvero and Alva the many objects so full of historical and family interest in this peaceful home, and while passing beneath the overhanging branches of fruit trees, Eola for the

first time tasted of the fruits of the trees of Paradise.

Having passed a number of days with Altheous and Gabrela, the happy Alvero and Eola, with their child and near kindred, now departed as a separate family, in a chariot of Eola's own creation, the wheels of which were of pure silver, while the body and the downy seats therein were made from materials known only in Paradise, and the beauty thereof was beyond the conception of man.

It would have seemed strange to mortal man to see these good angels depart from such a hospitable entertainment without the expressions of many thanks for favors conferred, but this order of things is changed in the kingdom of Heaven, for all are servants one to another, wherein is the chief enjoyment of the angels.

It seemed but a short distance to the cascades, for this time they crossed the plains of Beulah, which made the distance much less. On this delightful plain they found themselves among the towering trees, whose never-fading foliage and fragrant bloom have shed their beauty upon the homes around them for ages, among which was the home of Homillia, whither Gabrela had gone the day before in a small chariot with her son

Orvian, who, with Homillia, were waiting to join Eola and her family on their way to the cascades of Delphia.

As Eola's chariot was now passing a beautiful gateway of alabaster and a mansion among the foliage therein, created of the same material, they beheld Homillia and his happy family, with Gabrela and her son in a chariot, waiting for their approach. As they drew near, Homillia gave one wave with his right hand, which admitted them through the gateway upon the smooth high road to join them. After the usual greeting they proceeded on their way to the cascades, which were quite near. Soon they turned in over the field which now was for the habitation of Eola and her family forever. Having alighted from the chariots, they all crossed over toward the cascades to view the beautiful monument of Eola's creation. Said Eola:

"When I saw the chariot, the creation of my own will, and how that monument so steadily grew from out of the rock my dear Alvero had brought to my feet, and how it assumed a comely form under the exercise of the great will-power with which Immanuel clothed me, I yielded to a sense of fear, but a beautiful cherub passed over and touched me upon my forehead and said:

'Fear not, for Immanuel loves thee.' Since that moment the power of creating is my great joy, because it is my duty and delight to use it in the service of those around me."

Alvero and Alva, his child, had brought specimens of material, which to them seemed most beautiful, among which was a rock known only to the angels of Paradise, and from this rock Eola was to build them a house. After the company had assembled near the ground whereon Eola was to create for her family a house, they waited in silence for a season, when Immanuel revealed Himself unto them and said, in tones of paternal affection, "My children," and then disappeared in a cloud, leaving behind Him an inspired consciousness of being truly His beloved children.

Then came one of those always lovely-formed Cherubim and remained among them for awhile, telling them many of the events that had come to pass and were about to take place, and, turning to Gabrela, said;

"Thy Heavenly Father, even the Holy Immanuel, will visit thee, for He is now visiting His children and ordaining the newly-redeemed."

After these truly acceptable surprises had passed away, Eola, with uplifted hands and the power of her will, commenced the creation of their

mansion. At first I could see nothing but a mist, next an indefinite outline, then I saw the dimensions and form appear, when it continued to grow in perfection until, in the space of a few hours' time, there was a perfect house, not made with hands, but by the power of the gift of Immanuel. None but an angel of Paradise could have done this mighty work without being lost in bewilderment upon the dizzy heights of pride, but Eola was calm in the sweet composure of an angel, and continued her labors of creation, until they were completed.

Now I saw the hillside, which but a few days before was only a pleasant field, adorned with a furnished mansion formed of the materials of Paradise, surrounded by beautiful groves of fruitful trees and gardens of flowers perfuming the air, and many a statue of some earthly recollection.

Eola, after having finished her labors, exclaimed, "We have seen the consummation of the love of Immanuel, our Redeemer, and the ultimate end and purpose for which we were sent forth into the Earth, helpless and into the midst of evil."

Altheous, Gabrela and their son, Orvian, were invited by Eola and family to partake of the ripe fruits of their heavenly home, therefore they remained until the evening sun, and for the first

time Eola, her family and friends partook of the ripe fruits of this newly-made home.

The friends of the family, having passed with them a number of very happy days, now joined in a most beautiful hymn of praise to the Holy Redeemer of the souls of men, and departed in their chariot toward their own homes, parting with Homillia by the way at the gate of his own mansion.

It was now evening, which, in the mortal acceptation of the term, means the close of day, but in Paradise signifies a change of light, from the golden rays of the tempered sunlight to the crimson rays of the evening sun, which often beautify the closing of an earthly day. Gabrela and Orvian were recounting the events of the last few days, when Gabrela said:

"I have been in the kingdon of Heaven many days and have not yet been ordained; but last evening, when I was alone in an upper room in the house of Eola, I saw the sweet face of that same Cherub who remained a short time with us a few days ago. When I saw him coming from the direction of the Elysian Fields, over the tree-tops of the homes of the redeemed, my heart rejoiced, for I felt as though I would be with one who had lately seen Immanuel. In a moment he was in

the quietude of my retreat, and as he viewed the beauties surrounding him he seemed pleased, but said he:

"'I have come as a messenger to tell thee that Immanuel will, before another change of sun, ordain a child just redeemed from Earth, and with her He will ordain thee, because thou hast been unto her a guardian and mother. When in her deformities and unsightliness she appealed unto thee for compassion, thou didst willingly take her and watched over her with a mother's tender care. Because of this, our dear Redeemer hath waited to ordain you together, after which thou shalt always behold her beautiful face, as she will see thine, though you may be separated at times by wide distances.' And then he disappeared."

By this time they saw the pearly gates of their own happy home open wide to receive them. When passing through they were agreeably surprised by the child-voice of Alva, who said:

"Dear Gabrela, I have just come across the fields of Beulah, thinking that I would like to be here when you entered the gateway, as the Cherub Vernecis would join me here to go down to the Elysian Fields, where we shall meet thee, to be in

waiting for her who once looked upon thee as a mother."

Now this newly-redeemed soul, whom they were to meet on the shores of the Elysian Fields, was a daughter in the Earth whose parents walked according to the ordinances of Immanuel, which were written upon their hearts and inmost souls. But Immanuel, in His infinite wisdom, saw that it was needful for them to walk through the dark valleys of sorrow and poverty, therefore their daughter, though grown to woman's estate, because of her peculiar deformities, could not be provided for by them, so they appealed to many for aid; but there was no ear of compassion that would hear, save one, who afterwards became a redeemed soul in Paradise, and whom the angels call Gabrela, and whom Vernecis and the little Alva will meet on the pearly shores of the river of Paradise, there to wait for her once helpless ward, whom the angel Gabriel had called away from suffering to enter into this beautiful world of rest and peace.

As Alva was finishing his last sentence, addressed to Gabrela, the angel Vernecis came down in the midst, and Gabrela recognized him as the beautiful Cherub who visited her at the house of Eola.

After some conversation the two departed for the Elysian Fields, the home of Vernecis, as well as the home of all the Cherubim of Paradise, who dwell with their families or with one another and behold continually their kindred in Heaven, and with whom there is a perfect communion.

After they departed, the chariot entered the grounds of their peaceful home, when many children came forth to meet them, with the joyous welcome which is ever the sweet music of every home in Heaven.

CHAPTER IV.

The Sleep Which He Giveth His Beloved.—Meeting of Vernecis and His Sister Fidelia.—Fidelia With Her Friends Crosses the River of Paradise and Beholds the Glories of Heaven.—Immanuel Reveals Himself Unto Them, and Ordains Gabrela and Fidelia as Angels.—Fidelia is Taken by Her Friends to the Home of Altheous.—The Elysian Fields the Dwelling Place of the Cherubim.

Now the changed beauty of the immovable orb of heavenly day, shining upon all the regions of Paradise, settled down upon the splendor of angelic creations in the glory of a crimson light. To this periodical change in the appearance of the sun, the angels apply the term of day and evening, in which there is no darkness, but one continual day, with no heat to mar the comfort of the angels of Heaven. These terms are applied in consequence of the angels choosing one portion of the day for repose.

It was in this part of the day that Altheous and his family, retired to their couches of comfort and repose. Though the angels of Paradise never weary, there are pleasures in repose and sleep which are known only to the redeemed in Heaven.

Again the morning of another day appeared, and the glory of its golden light shed again its rays upon the eternal homes of the redeemed.

And again my heart flowed out with thanksgiving to my dear Redeemer, when I saw the calm enjoyment of the angels, and as I beheld them partake of the ripe fruit of the trees of Paradise. After Altheous and his family had eaten thereof, they enjoyed themselves in recreations of pleasure and duty until the time when Gabrela and her husband should enter their chariot for the Elysian Fields, which time had now arrived, and soon they were on their way to join Alva and Vernecis. The latter, whose earthly body was also of great deformity and unsightliness, but after many years, even after the frosts of many winters had whitened his locks, disease, as a cloud, settled upon his existence, and at last the Archangel Gabriel brought his soul away to these regions of light and rest. And now he is waiting with Alva upon the pearly strand, to receive his beloved sister, whose new name he had learned, through the communing powers of a Cherub, to be Fidelia.

While the little company were thus waiting, Vernecis and Alva, for the amusement of themselves and the rest, would float far out over the waters, when suddenly, with a rapid descent, they would disappear beneath the waters of the river, to come out upon the pearly strand. And while they again went out over the Jordan at a very

high altitude, I saw them clap their hands with great joy, and soon they came by the side of Altheous and Gabrela, saying:

"We have seen them coming, but we must go to meet them."

It was not long before they were far away over the Jordan, toward the approaching new-born angel and the escort about her. With the small golden harps, which heretofore were suspended at their sides, they now poured out upon the air such music as only can be heard in Heaven, which, mingled with the melody of their voices in song, fell upon the ears of Fidelia with a thrill of transport and joy, for she now heard the voice of her once earthly brother, whom the Archangel called away to his home in Heaven some years ago.

Presently Vernecis and his sister, whose name was now Fidelia, met, and it was to me the keenest pleasure to witness the great joy which accompanied the meeting of this long-separated brother and sister, together with their Airarch sisters, Volinda, Edra and Elmea, who had for many days watched over the fading life of her earthly body, until her soul was transferred from suffering to a life of peace and rest, to be welcomed into their loving arms and escorted by them to their home in Paradise. It was not long before the little band

arrived upon the pearly shore of the river of Paradise.

But behold, there was no bark to ferry them across, as there was no gifted angel of creative power among them, and as they all possessed the power of aerial flight across the river, excpting Fidelia, who, being not yet ordained, was but a heavenly babe, therefore Vernecis, with the communicative power common to all the angels of Heaven, informed Altheous of their need, whereupon he immediately created from the pearly shells of the strand a bark of great beauty, wherein Gabrela and himself embarked for the opposite shore.

After passing innumerable voyagers upon the ruffled waters, they landed upon the other shore in the midst of the waiting band. After a truly joyous welcome from Altheous and Gabrela to their loved one, they entered the bark for the shores of Immanuel's peaceful kingdom. As the prettily formed bark pushed out upon the waters, its strength and beauty absorbed the admiration of Fidelia. And again, as it sped swiftly through the waters, the continual variations in the splendor of the floating barks around them, filled with happy kindred and friends, just returning with their precious charges, or departing upon missions

of love to some poor kindred soul on Earth, only prepared her for the sight of the greater manifestations of glory yet to be seen, which, as they neared the other shore, rapidly came to her view, one after another, as the unfolding of a panorama, and, absorbed in the wonders about her, it was to her a surprise to find herself upon the shores of the Elysian Fields, among the homes of the redeemed.

As Gabrela and Fidelia were about entering the waiting chariot of Altheous, a silvery cloud overshadowed the little company, when Immanuel, accompanied by Cherubim and Airarchs, revealed Himself unto them. And as He took Fidelia by the hand He pressed it with the fervor of paternal love and blessed her. He then picked from among the pearly shells a nugget of pure gold. As he breathed thereon it became the beautiful diadem of a Chernb, set with precious stones. Henceforth she took her station among the angels of Heaven a Cherub.

Then Immanuel turned to Gabrela, and as He took her by the hand He blessed her also; and again from a nugget of gold He formed a glittering diadem, with many jewels, and placed it upon her brow, and said:

"Gabrela, my beloved, it was in the dispensa-

tion of heavenly things that thou shouldst wait until this time, in order that thou shouldst possess one gift in common with the Cherubim, and rarely possessed by the angels of Heaven, for thou shalt be able to traverse the air, as do all the Cherubim and Airarchs of Paradise, and shalt behold my face even as they do."

The next moment they saw Him no more, for He disappeared with the clouds and the hosts about Him, when Homillia came among them, who, with heartfelt expressions of pleasure and salutations of welcome, took the hand of Fidelia and then of her three sisters, who had for a long time been absent as guardian angels around her humble couch of suffering until her soul escaped from its deformed casket of clay, and was now a sister angel here in the midst.

Now the joyful little band, composed of a brother and four sisters, entered the chariot with Altheous and Gabrela, where they found the little Alva waiting. Homillia also joined the company, for he had come all the way from Beulah, with a heart full of great joy, that he might be at the river shore to meet the newly-redeemed Fidelia, to welcome her to his own home, which was always ready with open doors for every one to enter therein who so desired, but especially for

her, because it was the home of her sisters until the time arrived for their parents to leave their earthly home for one in Heaven, where they shall be united forever.

And as Homillia had no use for his chariot, in which he came, he, by the power of his will, resolved it back to the elements from whence it was created. Now Altheous, with a chariot filled with kindred and friends, turned his course homeward. It was a journey of absorbing interest to Fidelia, as every mansion and object along her way had its special history, to which she listened. At last they came to the home of Altheous, when they immediately alighted, taking Fidelia about the place to show her the beauties thereof and to partake with them for the first time of the fruits of Paradise. After which the four sisters and their brother Vernecis, with Alva, joined Homillia, who had entered a waiting chariot for his own home. They now bade Altheous and his household adieu and departed through the beautiful gate of pearls toward home.

I was now left alone to meditate on the glories of my surroundings and the transcending beauties of Paradise, and, while thus musing, I thought of the extreme beauty of the angels, and when at this moment I observed them here and there

through the groves or about the mansion, as they seemed to glide from place to place with youthful steps, among the many sources of pleasure, my feelings became ecstatic, for everywhere, in every home in Heaven, the same beauty and peace, with the same continual summer abounded for the enjoyment of all, without regard to gift or station.

Alva remained with the company until they arrived at the alabaster gateway of Homillia's mansion, from whence he left for his own home, where breathes the sweet music from the cascades of Delphia, and where his parents, Alvero and Eola, have reaped from the storms of the past the consummation of bliss, which shall endure forever. And here, with Homillia and many other children, amid the fruitful vines and sylvan groves, where run the babbling brooks, will dwell the three Airarch sisters, Volinda, Edra and Elmea, while Fidelia and Vernecis, being Cherubim, will dwell among the perennial glories of the Elysian Fields, while unrestrained they roam the air of Paradise whithersoever they will, whether it be in the service of Immanuel or visiting their kindred among the mansions of Heaven.

CHAPTER V.

The Worship of Jehovah in the Temple.—Gabrela's Works of Art.—The Worship of the Divine Immanuel.—Immanuel the Creator of the Earth and Hadea.—The Holy of Holies.—The Gift of Aerial Flight.—The Home of Alvero and Eola.—The Temples Belonging to Oriental Nations.—Ormond and Homilia.—Effendi Creates a Barge.

It was but a few days after the redemption of Fidelia, when I was awakened from a pleasurable sleep by the chiming of bells in the temples of Paradise, which have had no occasion to ring since the last great redemption of lost souls from Hadea.

In order to know more concerning the ringing of the bells of the temples, and concerning the use of the temples themselves, I inquired of Altheous, who had just invited me to drink of the nectar from a pulpy fruit, which hung in large crimson clusters from the drooping branches of a tree near by, and he said:

"This is one of the notable days when Immanuel Himself worships the great Jehovah, the Almighty God, before whose glory the vision of the angels grows dim. And when Immanuel, with the Seraphs and Archangels, worship Him, the angels themselves assemble at these beautiful

temples, which are all dedicated to the service of Immanuel, and during these days, in honor of the Infinite God, there is a special provision in the dispensations of Paradise for the power of flight among all the angels in Heaven, that they may roam whithersoever they will throughout the realms of the redeemed and attend the sublime service of His Holy Temples, the splendor of which magnify the glory of the Archangels of Paradise, who are during these days found in the temples worshiping Jehovah and holding communion with the Seraphs and Archangels of the Heavens of other worlds, while Immanuel is found in His own Most Holy Temple, in the presence of the Seraphs of His own Kingdom, worshiping Jehovah and holding divine communion with the Redeemers of the Universe.

"Within the courts of the temples is the Holy of Holies. The sight thereof is veiled from even the angels of Heaven, who have never at these times beheld their inner parts."

Having heard the voice of Orvian, Altheous and I responded to the call, and as we came to a ledge of a most beautiful emerald, spangled throughout with glistening flakes of pure gold, we found him admiringly viewing the newly created works of Gabrela, being the earthly statues of dear friends

left on Earth, and also the statuary of familiar scenes thereof.

While Altheous and I were enjoying the perfection of these works of art and the additional beauties surrounding them, the happy Gabrela now appeared from the direction of the grottoes, where there were many little children sporting in the pure crystal waters of the stream near by, and said, as she was drawing quite near us:

"The time is at hand when we should go to the Temple of Gabriel, and there do reverence to our dear Redeemer, while with the Seraphs and Archangels He worships the Infinite Jehovah."

I said, "Do not the angels also worship Jehovah?"

"No," said Altheous, "they worship Him through Immanuel. Having arrived at the highest state of bliss and at the summit of their exaltation, which shall endure forever, they worship nothing higher or more holy than their Redeemer."

Then said I, "If Jehovah is a jealous God, will not the worship of Immanuel by the angels of Paradise be displeasing to Him?"

"Jehovah requires no allegiance from the angels of Immanuel's Kingdom," replied Altheous, "for Immanuel, through the omnipotent power of the Eternal Spirit of Jehovah, created the Earth and

Hadea and all that is contained therein, and in the divine relationship existing between the Infinite Jehovah and His Beloved Son Immanuel and the Seraphs and Archangels of Paradise, it becomes needful for them only to worship the Infinite Jehovah, while the angels wait in silent reverence before Immanuel in His Holy Temple."

"Can you see any of the manifestations of the presence of Jehovah in the temples of the Archangels?" said I.

"Very seldom," returned Altheous. "Every temple has its veil, behind which is the Holy of Holies, concerning which the angels seek not to know, well knowing that their Father and Redeemer doeth all things well, and hath provided for them houses in Paradise, where rest, peace and happiness endure forever."

Altheous having ceased speaking, we all with one accord took our flight for the temple, where the Archangel Gabriel waited to keep companionship with the angels of Heaven in their acts of silent reverential worship of their Redeemer. We soon found ourselves within one of the beautiful temples, where there were tens of thousands of of angels ascending and descending its golden stairways, as they came to or departed from its sacred precincts, and unto whom Immanuel now

revealed Himself, as a father speaking to his children, which was but the overflowing of His heart of infinite love toward not only the angels of Heaven, but every soul created in His own image.

The Archangel Gabriel waited in silence, and also after the dispersion of the vast concourse of worshipers for the day, went with the Archangels of the other temples of Paradise to the Holy Temple of Immanuel, which is dedicated to the worship of the Infinite God and the communion of the Redeemers of other worlds.

It now being time for us to depart, we soon floated away at a delightful elevation, above all the charming glories of Paradise. We now turned our eyes toward the great Temple of Immanuel. But behold! the clouds of glory, which encompassed the awful majesty of Jehovah, had veiled it from our sight, but knowing that we had arrived at the consummation of perfect bliss, and attained to that for which we were created, we sought for nothing more and turned our course toward the distant parts of Paradise, thus taking the advantage of our gift of flight, which was the design of our dear Redeemer, in order that there should be none of the glories of Heaven hidden from the

eyes of the redeemed; nay, not even to the ungifted among them.

Having now found ourselves to be over the home of the happy Alvero and Eola, we descended upon their beautiful lawn, they having just returned from the same temple from which we came. After having partaken of some of the fruits brought into existence by the fertile imagination and creative will power of Eola, we invited Alvero and his little family to join our company in an aerial voyage to the distant parts of Paradise, purposing to visit on our way the many temples of worship, which invitation was readily accepted.

As we were now passing over a continual succession of varying scenery of landscape and river, we saw the exhibition of every conceivable variety of taste and adornment in the creation of angelic homes. Now we saw in the distance a temple, which was created after the fashion of a towering Pagoda, with its glittering ornaments trembling in the genial sunlight of Heaven, and the vast multitude of angels arriving and departing. I could see plainly that we were now among the redeemed souls from the Oriental nations of the Earth. We now entered this temple of splendor, which was of marble and alabaster, while the floors, the roof, the ornaments thereof were of pure

gold, and here we found tens of thousands of the redeemed worshiping Immanuel in the awful silence of the Temple, while the Archangel bowed in silence before Jehovah.

Having performed our part in these solemn duties, we now took our departure for other parts of Paradise, visiting the temples on our way, and as we passed from one place to another, viewing the homes of the blessed, it seemed strange from my contracted earthly views to find here, among these beautiful hills and valleys, the happy homes of the redeemed from all the heathen countries of the Earth.

As we had been passing over this glorious panorama for a great distance, we one and all came down by the side of a pure white mansion, in the midst of fruitful groves and fragrant flowers, where we were met by a large number of happy angels, who came forth from the mansion and from various places of resort. They were all of one family and had just returned from their temple of worship, which was created by the will of the Archangel Michael, through the omnipotent power of Immanuel. In remembrance of the sincerity of the earthly followers of Mohammed, who had worked out a clean conscience and found a place among the redeemed in Heaven, it

was fashioned, as were many others, after the various temples of worship which were so intimately connected with earthly associations.

In this instance I again saw the display of that sympathy and compassion, which our dear Redeemer shows toward the ignorant in all their conceptions, when accompanied with a pure heart and clear conscience, whatever may have been their faith concerning even Himself or His laws.

Now Ormond and his family, with fraternal welcome, bade us stay with them for a season and partake of their fruits, many of which were new, even to Altheous and those of our company who had been in Heaven a much longer time than myself. Therefore we all with one accord sought the fragrant groves near by, where from the abundance of ripe fruits we feasted and rejoiced in the society of each other, as the genial conversation flowed on and on concerning Heaven, the Earth and its associations.

I found that some of the beautiful angels who were entertaining us were the sisters, the mother and the wife of Ormond, but as there is no sex in Paradise, there now remains between them all a new bond of affinity, which binds them in affectionate companionship to all eternity, while the

little Airarch children gather around them through the same bond of affinity and affection.

I also learned that Ormond, when on Earth, believed in Allah, and that Mahomet was his prophet, and that his life was in strict accordance with his faith. While he was bravely fighting under the standard of the crescent and leading on the hosts of Islam, in the cause of Allah and his prophet, against Homillia, who was also fighting under the standard of the cross, and bravely leading on the soldiers of Immanuel, the Archangels Gabriel and Michael stood over the field of battle, and while many a soul stepped out alone into the darkness of Erebus, from among the contending hosts of either side there were some who heard the voices of the Archangels, who called their souls away to realms of rest and peace. And among these were Homillia and Ormond, both of whom had done the will of their Heavenly Father, according to their conceptions of duty. And when the soul of Ormond was called away from the sorrows and strifes of his earthly career, he found, leaning over his dying form, the guardian spirits of Effendi, his mother, and Fatina, who was his earthly wife, according to the teachings of him whom he believed to be the true prophet of Allah.

They, having heard the sound of the trumpet of the Archangel Michael, at once joined the innumerable hosts about him, and when at last they came upon the scene of battle and heard the voice of the Archangel call aloud for the soul of Ormond, they flew to the side of the fallen soldier, and affectionately leaning over the dead body of their once beloved Ormond, they received his soul as a new-born babe, and, with tears of joy, he found himself among the redeemed, where there is no more war, but instead peace and joy forever.

While Effendi and Fatina, who had often come from Heaven as guardian angels over his earthly existence, were now his companions in bliss, and, as before mentioned, were now bound, not by sex and relationship, but by the silver cords of affinity, which is the incentive among the angels of Paradise for the re-formation of families.

Having now arrived upon the shining shores of the river Jordan, Effendi, with uplifted hands, created, by the power of the gift of Immanuel, a beautiful barge, in which they passed over to the shores of the redeemed, where they found a glittering chariot waiting, created also by Effendi. As Ormond stepped upon the pearly beach, the little company heard a voice from above, saying: "Ormond, my beloved."

Then a moment later Immanuel appeared unveiled before them. Taking Ormond by the hand He blessed him. Then, lifting a beautiful shell and a small nugget of gold from the strand, He breathed upon them and they formed themselves into a glittering diadem of pure gold and shining pearls. Having placed it upon his brow, He turned toward each one of the little company and blessed them. In a moment He disappeared from sight.

Now, as an ordained angel of Paradise, Ormond, with his beloved mother, wife and children, with whom he was to enjoy a happy home of rest and peace forever in the Paradise of Immanuel, stepped into the beautiful chariot, and they were soon swiftly passing over the golden pavements of the city of Immanuel, which the angels more often term Paradise, or Heaven. And ere they came in view of the region of their kindred, they passed many thousands of the blissful homes of the redeemed, scattered all along their joyful way, while the air was filled with happy Airarchs and Cherubim, with an occasional angel, having the abiding gift of aerial flight as the reward of some heavenly virtue, won by patience and suffering when walking in the shadows of an earthly life.

CHAPTER VI.

Fields of Elysium.—Memorial Monuments of the Dead.—The Everlasting Sleep.—The Ministration of Cherubim.—The Aerial Flight.—The Reunion of Nationalities.—The Archangel Ignatia.—The Repose in the Temple and Communion with Immanuel.—Lucifer, the Son of the Morning.—Lucifer and His Followers Sleep the Eternal Sleep.—Immanuel the Savior of Mankind and the Creator of the Earth and Hadea.—The Communion with Immanuel in His Holy Temple.—Revelations to the Soul of Man in the Visions of the Night.—The Divine Palace of Lucifer.—Inspired Words of Fidelia.

It was now drawing near the time for our little company to depart, and with many expressions of enjoyment on the part of all present, and my own heartfelt satisfaction at being able to form a short narrative of the life of Ormond and his family, we ascended above the perennial verdure of the groves, and turned our course in the direction of the Elysian Fields and the everflowing waters of the river of Paradise, whither we pursued our way with the gentle ease of a summer cloud, when I inquired of Altheous concerning the extent of the Elysian Fields and the course of this river, which washes its extended shores. Altheous, with an expression of pleasure at this opportunity for my instruction, said:

"Whichever way one may direct his course from this place, he will come upon the beautiful

Fields of Elysium, and can bathe in the crystal waters of the river. For Paradise is a star in the firmament of the universe, a place of consummate bliss in the ocean of Eternity, whose shores are skirted with these fragrant and fruitful groves, while the waves of the Jordan continually break upon its pearly shores. When we come to the Elysian Fields we will be far away from the place where we are wont to ferry the newly redeemed of our kindred across to the happy shore. But we will follow these fields and the shores, until at last we find ourselves not far from our homes."

As we continued to pass over the beautiful panorama of the homes of the blest, where the mansions and their surrounding gleamed out from the foliage around them, reflecting the genial rays of the golden sunlight, my attention was drawn to the twinkling reflection of some far off surface, and then in the distance beyond I could faintly discern vast myriads of what seemed to be white specks upon the back-ground. And as Gabrela possessed almost unlimited sight, and could see these objects plainly, she informed us that the twinkling appearance was the reflection of the sunlight upon the ruffled surface of a large body of water, and the white specks beyond were the small memorial monuments of the dead.

"Look!" cried the little Alva, with a joyful heart, "I see thousands of beautiful gondolas and barges, filled with the angels of Heaven, moving upon its shining bosom, and I also see the little Airarch sisters, with their brother Vernecis, among the memorials of the dead."

"Yes," returned Gabrela, still looking with a clear vision into the far distance, seeing the correctness of Alva's statements.

Altheous, who had been much interested in their discoveries, said:

"The body of water which you see in the far distance is the river of Jordan, and the white stones beyond are the memorial monuments of unhappy souls from Earth or Hadea, each one of which, having had the holy law of Immanuel written upon his conscience, and being persistent in his disobedience thereto, caused its brightness to grow dim, until at last it became darkness, when the poor soul was as a ship without a compass. And now Immanuel, not in anger, but with the compassion of infinite love, sends forth His messenger of death to deliver it from mortality, not to be put upon a new probation in Hadea, for he has lost his tablet whereon was written the holy law, therefore having no law to guide or direct his path, he wanders away upward and onward.

Hadea being veiled from his sight, he lingers not there, but still upward his soul takes its flight, until he breathes the sweet perfumes from the vernal shores of Paradise which bring on a long, deep sleep, from which he never awakens. Though an angel might seek to find the soul thus passed away into the sleep of death, his search would be in vain, for it has resolved itself into the nothingness from which all things originated."

From what I had just seen and heard, I was desirous to be at this distant point of my vision, among the monuments of the sleeping, the only memento of the souls who have failed to pass through the ordeal of Earth or Hadea, and therefore through the infinite mercy of Immanuel now sleep.

But then our time passed pleasantly away, as we moved along over the panorama of receding objects below, and conversed on the goodness of Immanuel and the glorious lives of the redeemed, until we had crossed the great river and alighted on the opposite shore, among the monuments of those who sleep, and the innumerable multitude of Cherubim and Airarchs, also angels of Heaven, who have come a long distance during these days of divine communion and special gifts of the redeemed, to visit, not the graves, but the me-

morials of kindred souls, who now sleep in unconscious rest forever.

These beautiful mementoes are created by the special will power of the Cherubim, whose vocation is also to use their boundless vision and gifts of communion for the ministrations of love and mercy toward the poor wanderers over the trackless void of Erebus, who have some dim light of conscience still remaining, but not enough to reveal the location of Hadea as they ascend in their flight toward Heaven.

Now unto these poor wanderers the Cherubim, who see them afar off, fly away as it were on the wings of love to meet them, and as guardian angels lead them to their homes in Hadea, lest the sweet fragrance from the groves of Heaven might lull them into their everlasting sleep.

After a while we came upon our little friends, the Airarchs, and their brother, Vernecis. The latter had just created a beautiful little monument in remembrance of a wandering soul who had but a short time before laid himself down to rest in his eternal sleep, and upon the monument was inscribed the name of the sleeping soul, it having resolved itself into the nothingness from which it was created.

"Vernecis," said I, "since thou art a Cherub,

and knowest of the things pertaining to the shores of Erebus, and art a guardian angel along its coast, I ask of thee, would this same soul have passed away in its endless sleep in any other place where blows the perfumed breeze of Heaven?"

"Yes," said Vernecis, "wherever such a soul breathes the sweet odors of Paradise, the effect will be the same."

"But," said I, "does it not wound thy feelings of compassion when thou hast to lead back a wandering soul to Hadea?"

"No," said Vernecis. "The wisdom with which Immanuel has clothed me, in common with all the angels of Heaven, enables me to look through trials and suffering to the end, where I see the consummation of His wisdom. For if the soul which I lead back to Hadea will meet with patience and resignation the crosses which he may have to bear, I feel sure of finally greeting him at some future time as a redeemed soul in Heaven, to enjoy rest and peace forever."

Our company consisted of Altheous and Gabrela, with their family, also Alvero, Eola, Alva and myself. Having been joined by Vernecis and his Airarch sisters, we ascended far above the objects around us, and, led by Vernecis, we recrossed the river and continued our flight over the

Fields of Elysium, following the course of the shore. We were now going at the usual speed of angels traversing the air, which is oftentimes so increased that the eye of a mortal being could not discern them.

It was with a sublime feeling of exaltation that in this company of happy, joyous angels, I was able to navigate the air above me without the assistance of any power, not even the aid of wings, which are so intimately associated with the earthly ideas of angelic existence, but by the simple action of the will, which is all-powerful in the disposition of the body and is the gift of Immanuel accorded to all the redeemed of Paradise, but varying greatly as to its degree and continuancy.

I now saw the innumerable habitations of the Cherubim, which stud the Elysian Fields in their vast circuit of Paradise. They were truly beautiful in their designs. Like all the temples and habitations of Paradise, gold was paramount; the porches were supported by ornamental pillars formed either of gold, silver or precious stones or from some of the great varieties of precious rock, so gayly ornamenting the natural scenery of Paradise.

In the creation of these habitations for the Cherubim the furnishing and embellishing of them

is the delight of gifted angels, for no sooner is there a soul redeemed from Earth and ordained as a Cherub, than the nearest gifted kindred or friends proceed to create for him a beautiful home in the midst of the foliage and fruits of Elysium, overlooking the river of Paradise.

The constitution of a Cherub is such that he is never lonesome, wherever he may be, as he possesses the gift of holding vocal communion with other Cherubim and many of the angels of Heaven at any distance, while at the same time there is a spiritual intercourse common to all the angels of Heaven, however widely they may be separated. He not only beholds his Heavenly Father's face, but also the face of whomsoever he may be holding converse with.

We were now nearing many of those familiar scenes which indicate our near approach to the region of the redeemed who came from the Christian countries of the Earth, which fact I observed to those around me, when Altheous said:

"It was not the design of our Heavenly Father that the redeemed in Heaven should be thus separated on account of their earthly nationalities or creeds. But in His creation of man He wisely formed a bond of affinity, which draws kindred to kindred, not only on Earth, but also in their

spiritual existence as angels of Heaven. And this is the reason of the reunion of nationalities, and oftentimes those having entertained widely different views when on Earth are here united. But nevertheless there is but one faith entertained by the redeemed of Paradise, and that is in what they realize with their own eyes and experience each change of day, which is the end for which they were created and made to live for a season in earthly bodies, subject to all the vicissitudes of mutability."

Altheous having finished speaking, Gabrela now drew our attention to an object which some of us could but just discern, as its towers and minarets shone from the mist of the vast sea of foliage around it, but which in the next few moments became distinctly visible, even to Altheous and those of us whose vision was not as perfect as Gabrela's.

It proved to be a temple dedicated to the worship of Immanuel, around which were a great number of angels, many of whom we now began to meet and recognize as acquaintances, on the way toward their own homes.

As it was toward evening, when there would be but few remaining about the temple, I was anxious to see the Archangel who ministered over these

regions and presided in the temple before us. My companions, in order to gratify my desire, moderrated the speed of their flight, and we slowly floated upon the air toward the temple, but while we were yet some distance away, innumerable Cherubim and Airarchs seemed to come from all points of the compass and alight upon the balconies adorning the temple, until there seemed to be a legion of them waiting for the appearance of the Archangel, whose named I learned to be Ignatia.

Soon there gathered about the golden dome of the temple a mystic cloud, when the Archangel appeared upon the broad balcony from the Holy of Holies. It overshadowed him and he departed with a legion about him to the great Temple of Immanuel and the Fields of Eden. Vernecis now discovered his sister Fidelia standing upon the jasper steps and leaning against a golden pillar of the great porch of the temple, whereupon our little band descended, and in a moment we were at her side. After the usual salutations, she said:

"I have just returned from Earth, in obedience to the voice of the Archangel Ignatia, and while there Vernecis communed with me concerning the sweet companionship of his kindred and friends, who had for many days enjoyed with him the gift

of aerial flight, as they visited the temples of Immanuel and saw the many wonders of His wisdom and creation."

It being evening, she concluded by proposing that we all seek repose upon the downy couches of the temple, which are always ready for the use of the angels passing by. We then retired to our couches, the drapery of which exceeded in beauty the most perfect idea of earthly excellence man could conceive, as it was composed of material known only to the angels of Heaven, and was created by the Archangel Ignatia, after he had finished the formation of the temple.

There is an association connected with the repose of angelic beings, which still more intensifies the glory of their existence, for in these hours of repose Immanuel shows forth His omnipresence and affectionate remembrance of every redeemed soul in Paradise, and this fact I learned to appreciate, for at the first indication of a change of day I yielded to the habitual inclination for repose, not for the reason of weariness, but more for the pleasure of beholding the face of my dear Redeemer, which I, with the greater part of the angels of Heaven, could not always enjoy without repose or the occasional silence of wakeful hours.

Therefore the temples of Immanuel are open

continually, whither the great multitude of the redeemed of Heaven are wont to repair, as there, in the still silence of the temple, Immanuel appears before them in person, as a loving father, conversing with His children. Even as He comes unseen, with the wooings of love or the gentle voice of reproof to the silent, waiting soul of Earth.

Now again I behold the mellow light of another morning, and soon again the great bells of the temple rang out their silver tones upon the peaceful air, which now chimed in with the bells of every temple in the kingdom of Immanuel. From this it was known by the redeemed of Heaven that every Archangel was in his own temple, to worship Jehovah and to preside over the multitude who came there to manifest their love to the Redeemer and to see His benign countenance.

Before I had yet passed out from my beautiful retreat, and ere the dying tones of the bells had ceased, I heard the loud calls from the trumpet of the Archangel Ignatia, as its distinct sound came forth from the tallest minaret of the temple, to die away until its last faint echo was lost among the groves of Elysium.

I had now descended from my place of repose, in the midst of our little band of angels, who were

clustered near a sparkling fountain, intently gazing upward toward what I found to be the receding form of the Archangel Ignatia, whose pure white robe truthfully symbolized his angelic nature.

As we were waiting for the appearance of Vernecis and Fidelia, we heard the soul-thrilling strains of celestial music, as they came borne upon the air with the approaching angels, who now began to alight upon the golden porches of the temple. Presently Vernecis and Fidelia came down in our midst, Vernecis saying:

"We have just come from the presence of the Archangel Ignatia, who spoke concerning the great joy of Immanuel over every soul of Earth who was prepared to be called away into his everlasting rest, to share with Him the happiness which He Himself possesses, and how from the beginning He appointed the Archangels and Seraphs of Paradise to celebrate this, His great joy, by calling aloud, with the voice of His great trumpets, the name of the accepted soul who shall soon be among the redeemed of Heaven."

I also learned from his lips that Jehovah, by the omnipotence of His power and the guidance of His infinite wisdom, created the universe of innumerable spiritual worlds, whose courses were

governed by systems and centers of systems, and which were for the habitation and dominion of each one of His children, there to be creators like Himself in their beautiful worlds, which He called Paradise.

But there was a Son in the constellation of His children, even Lucifer, His first-born, and the son of the morning of His creations, who, because of his infinite power, and being surrounded by legions of Archangels and angels, children created by the word of his power, became proud and even exalted himself to be equal with Jehovah.

Therefore there was war in Paradise for a season, Lucifer and his Archangels and angels contending against the Most High, but they were cast out of Paradise, when they wandered along the shores of Erebus, attempting in vain to recross the Jordan, which, with every endeavor, became a tempestuous flood.

Now the Most High made poisonous every perfumed breeze of Paradise which reached the shores of Erebus. Lucifer, having returned with the innumerable hosts of his rebellious angels from a voyage into the regions of space, in quest of a fit place to create a world of his own, now inhaled the narcotical breath as its sweet odors came over the waves of Jordan, under the influence of which

they laid themselves down to sleep on to eternity. Now there was a lonely void in Paradise, because of the fall of Lucifer, who was cast out from his own beautiful realm, whereunto he was ordained a ruler and creator. Therefore, Jehovah, the Creator of the Universe, sent forth from the many sons of His creation a Ruler of Paradise, who was to share with Him the glory of omnipotent power, and whom we call Immanuel, and whom we worship as one with God. But lest He should glide into the error of Lucifer and fall from His high estate, Jehovah ordained that in due time He should share the infirmities of His children, who should be mortal.

Immanuel, in the solitude of His loneliness, as He moved through the glories of His eternal realm, longed for the companionship of angels, whereupon He went out through the wide expanse of Erebus, where He created the Earth, a world without form and void of every green or living thing. Now for the first time He walked upon the face of its waters, and by the word of His power He divided its surface into sea and dry land. He made it to resemble the realms of Paradise, but from necessity made all things mutable.

Then He created two living souls, in the image of Himself, and placed within them pure white

tablets, to be kept spotless and without blemish. He also made from the dust of the earth two living bodies, after the image of the souls which were to dwell therein. These bodies, being mortal and made from the dust of the earth, were endowed with passions which called aloud for many necessities, which required to be satisfied, but kept in subjection, lest the body should fail in its office or return unto the dust from which it was created before the completion of its mission.

These living bodies, existing and co-operating with the requirements of the souls therein, were called man and woman, and being created male and female, were to form families in the Earth, which were to multiply continually.

Thus our Heavenly Father created the Earth as a cradle and nursery, from whence He gathered around Himself the glorious companionship of angels, whom the Archangels call unto their inheritance at times and under circumstances which accord with His own wise purposes. And the soul who bears within himself the brightest tablet when called away from Earth, shall stand before his Redeemer in Heaven as among the brightest stars in the constellation of angels, in whom is the glory and the great joy of Immanuel.

Vernecis, having recounted to us many of the

words of Ignatia, now gave place to Fidelia, who said:

"I heard the communing voice of the Archangel Ignatia calling me away from earthly ministrations for a time, that I might join you here on the way to the memorial island of Lucifer, who was the only one among the Sons of God who ever fell from his high estate."

Having partaken of the plentiful fruits about us and drank from the crystal waters of the fountain, we departed for the Temple of Immanuel. We soon ascended its steps and entered therein, where, in the quietude of the hour, we saw the face of our Heavenly Father, who addressed the assembled multitude of His children, telling them how well it pleased Jehovah and how acceptable it was to Him to behold the angelic children of Paradise presenting themselves with tablets pure and white before their Redeemer, and saying:

"This is the consummation of all the plans of the infinite wisdom of Jehovah to create the innumerable worlds, which exist as stars in the firmament of Eternity, each one of which is a Paradise similar to this beautiful world wherein you now behold the face of your Redeemer. And in His omnipresence He delights to manifest Himself to His exalted children throughout the realms of

Eternity. I have rejoiced in His presence for many days, and though veiled from the sight of many of you, He has been in our midst and rejoices in My glory, and My glory is yours also."

And as it was the privilege of His children present to confidingly hold converse with their Redeemer, Gabrela said:

"Dear Lord, we have seen our beloved brother Ormond, who dwells far away from here, and who bears special tokens of Thy redeeming love, and we learned from him that when on Earth he walked not according to the commandments of Thy law, as it was originally written upon his tablet, but having in all innocence walked under the light of a perverted and misled conscience, he was not happy, and Error always lingered around his pathway. Earth to him was a dark vale indeed. But, because of the sincerity of his heart and the innocence of his misled conceptions, Thou didst pity him in his helplessness, and, being moved with compassion, didst reserve for him a home in the Paradise of Thy glory, where at any time he could behold Thy face.

"But Thou, O, Infinite Father, hast made it far different with many through their earthly pilgrimage, for when, in the stillness of every passion's cry and the quietude of their minds they

have sought to know Thy will, without going to a brother or neighbor, Thou didst, through the ministrations of Thy Holy Spirit, bring to light the faded portions of Thy law, which had been written upon the conscience, and they were thereby enabled to distinguish between virtue true and false, and in degenerate times to re establish their perfect standard over waning truth and virtue. Thus representatives from every nation, tongue and creed have walked the earth as followers of this true light, and have reveled in Thy continual approbation and love, enjoying during their earthly pilgrimage a foretaste of this beautiful home of the redeemed."

"Yes, my beloved daughter, I have prepared a foretaste of the glories of Paradise for all of my children on Earth who walk after the inward law revealed to them in the quietude of their waiting souls."

Immanuel and the Archangel now faded from our sight, and the multitude departed from the temple. We then departed with Fidelia and Vernecis, passing along the shore until we came to the place where we usually met the newly redeemed of our kindred and friends from Earth. But oh for the language to give justice to, or a painter's vivid touch to portray, the beaming

happiness of the new-born angels, as we saw them at various points along our journey, surrounded by their happy escorts, ferrying across the beautiful river, or alighting from their pretty barks, to make the first impress of their feet upon the shining shores of their beloved home.

From this point we ascended to a high altitude and turned our course toward the central portion of Paradise. Upon the left we could have looked down upon the vast extent of the Fields of Eden, if it were not for the canopy of glory which still overhung its sacred territory, in honor of the awful presence of the Omnipotent Ruler of the Universe.

And while we looked down upon the transporting scenes beneath us and swept on in our course, the transport of our feelings broke forth in the inspiration of songs of praise and thanksgiving, while from our harps the air resounded with the sweetest strains of melody. Swifter than the storm-winds was the speed of our flight, which carried us far away upon our course toward our destination, which could be discerned plainly by the Cherubim and Airarchs of our company, including the gifted Gabrela.

With a moderation in our speed we continued on our course and enjoyed the sweet flow of an

instructive conversation, wherein Fidelia breathed forth a most beautiful truth:

"The soul and mind of man are one. The earthly body, with the mind and conscience, have a nerve connection, whereby a transient sense of pain or pleasure in hours of wakefulness oftentimes arouses the brain and mind to action, when the body, through fatigue, has yielded to a state of sleep. And as the mind and body are thus bound together in the harmony of such a connection, it will be evident, even to the finite capacities of man himself, that when he is lost in the slumbers of repose and dreams of the possession of that will-power whereby he is enabled to move with delightful ease upon the air, without the needful aid of either wings or other means of flight, it is but the activity of the soul still confined in the prison-house of clay. So many of the gifts of this future life are revealed to man in the visions of the night, by the occasional stirrings of the faculties of the soul."

We now looked down upon a far different scene from all the glories over which we had yet passed. I saw in the distance a great sea, out of the center of which arose an island, as a beautiful gem, from the bosom of its crystal waters. Here were still existing the works of the fallen Lucifer, con-

spicuous among which is the Divine Palace, the beauty of which still mingles with the preserved glories surrounding it.

"This island, the relic of sublime and infinite love," said Fidelia, "is preserved in compassionate remembrance of Lucifer by the Infinite Father and Creator of the Universe, who will, ere the evening sun, in the presence of Immanuel and His legions of angels about Him, ascend on high, amid the melody of music and song, with His own legions, to disappear into the Heaven of Heavens, where," continued she,

"Worlds by countless millions dimly shining
In the dark and trackless void,
Mark the path Jehovah treads,
As he moves in glory through
The sky; a myriad of children
In His train rejoice in realms divine to reign.
Jehovah, source of light and love,
Retires from these bright hills and vales,
Green with the sunshine of a Savior's care.
We have rejoiced to see His form,
But content with that alone, we
Inhale anew the balmy breath
Of Heaven's eternal summer,
While again we sip of the sweetest
Nectar the flowery cups exhale.
Content with our Redeemer's love,
With tablets pure and white
We walk the streets of gold;

Or shining chariots bear us on through
Regions 'neath perennial summer skies.
Oh! happy is the lot of him whose
Earthly prison-house has lost
Its bolts and bars, while angels
Gather near to lead the captive free."

CHAPTER VII.

Immanuel Worships Jehovah.—Story of Caina.—Ministration of Child-Angels to the Dwellers of Hadea.—The Redemption of Souls.—A Cherub's Inspired Words.—The Immutable Laws of the Eternal World.—The Creative Power of Mind.—The Tablet of Conscience.—The New Jerusalem.

Now when the mellow, heavenly light of evening clothed with rapturous beauty the already beautiful scenery about us, we saw the object of our supreme love, wrapped in the mantle of divine power, as He seemed to come from a different part of the heavens.

At this moment we again beheld the prostrate form of our Savior and Redeemer before the white Throne of the Infinite One. At this there was not one of all the angels of Heaven who did not veil the vision from his sight, and with prostrate form wait until this exhibition of such transcendent glory had passed away.

The sound of music and the praises of increasing hosts of angels, which first made the air to quake about us, now seemed to recede, and at last was heard no more. And when we arose we beheld the form of Immanuel, seated upon the Throne of His glory, when the multitude of His

children bowed and worshiped Him. Then said a Seraph, who stood at His right hand, and who held a small scepter, which shone with burning brightness:

"As Jehovah has visited Paradise, and shown forth His infinite power and love, even so did Immanuel once walk the streets of Jerusalem, but only to taste of the infirmities of His children and to die at the hands of the wicked. He then showed to His children His love, and poured out His blood, that they might know of their Redeemer, and that they might learn to call upon His name, and that He might again enter into His glory, to be the Redeemer of His children, including those who slept."

As the angels of Heaven once more veiled their faces from His glory, He vanished from our sight. Then all the angels of Heaven turned their courses homeward, there to continue on in the joyous vocations of angelic life.

As I found myself a part of the same little band who had come hither to behold the transcendent glory of Jehovah, I was much pleased and greatly increased was my delight when we were joined by Abella and his brother Caina. For Caina told me the sad story of his wickedness, and how his sin seemed more than he could bear, and when his

body, being filled with disease, sank back to its dust, the awfulness which surrounded him when he found himself disembodied and cast upon the shores of the unknown. Said he:

"There was a soul-sickening dread of darkness and a fainting desire to see even one small ray of light. With the desire, I found I had the power of flight, which something within me said would endure but for a short season, so I wandered in the cold and darkness of an unknown void, and each day, as the darkness grew but more dense, my heart sank the more within me, but at last my feet seemed to find a place of rest. I heard fierce wrangling and the clanking of chains, and then all my old passions seemed to burn within me, when suddenly the dreaded surroundings were unveiled to my sight. Now I saw plainly the life which was before me. But oh, the agony of my soul, which seemed as a worm that could not die. I again cried, as I did when the Lord set His mark upon me and sent me forth with a murderer's heart and as a vagabond in the earth, for, as then, my punishment seemed greater than I could bear, it now seemed a thousand fold more intense, yet there seemed to be no hand to save.

"Death, though courted, put forth no delivering power. My extreme hunger and the cold

which made me seek the warming fire, drove me to the fierce struggle of life. When long days of dark despair had settled as a canopy about me, I believed it to be the enduring wrath of God.

"But oh, the ages of misery which seemed locked up within but a few days in that dimly lighted world. Once, when I laid my weary head upon a couch that gave no rest, my fevered brow and troubled brain seemed more than I could bear. But suddenly I sprang to my feet with a wild surprise, for I heard the voice of a child, in accents of pitying love. She appealed to the last remaining ember of my better nature. But as with inward joy I strained to see the source of that sweet voice, and as I heard it no more for a long season, I sadly yielded to the impression that it was only the hallucination of my mind. So the days, yea, many long years, rolled on, as I worked in the rude arts belonging to the condition of demons.

"In the course of time I found, in the lives of some about me, subdued and anxious souls, who told me how beautiful children came from another world to woo us away from the scenes of strife around us, and also from the companionships of those who failed to improve amid the scourges of Hadea, and therefore were led by hands unseen

away from the scenes which surrounded them. Whither they were gone no one in that dark place could tell, but since that time it hath been shown me how Immanuel, in His compassionate love, sends forth the fragrance of Elysium to soothe into the arms of eternal death and nothingness the wandering soul which has proved a failure in His creation.

"But there came a time when, in the restless slumbers of the night, the horrors of my lot seemed as the molten burnings of woe. Then a small babe-like child came to the side of my couch. I was amazed, as I was before. I sprang for the door of my room, but the voice of the child seemed to have a key note, which touched the only soft place in my heart. I now stood as one entranced, and as I listened to sweet, inspiring tones, which spoke of a place where Abella dwelt, and then as I still drank deeply from the words which flowed from her lips, and as her tiny hand was laid in my own rough and calloused palm, I succumbed to the power of my great joy, and as I lay upon the hard stones of my chamber floor, the soft hands of my once darling Ethiel brought me once again to myself. When she departed I was shown that long years were yet mine to suffer ere my deliverance came."

Caina, in the extreme of his happiness, now paused to brush away the glistening tears that filled his eyes. In the meanwhile I said:

"There seems not to have been the same dispensations concerning thee, as there was following close by the footsteps of our beloved Alvero."

"No," said Caina, "the light which Immanuel placed in the darkened heart of man, in order that he might not grope his way blindly, and so that he might know good from evil, was not so near utterly quenched but what there was a feeble gleam of light still remaining which shone dimly about his pathway, until he found himself upon the soil of that dreadful school of the unredeemed. But far otherwise was it with me and such as I, who had failed in the appointed trials of an earthly life. For had it not been for one of the ever-watchful Cherubim, who so faithfully guard the footsteps of the unredeemed and the lost, I would have passed by the awful abode of the supremely wicked and finally slept my eternal sleep upon the shores of the river of Paradise.

"At long intervals I would see for a few moments at a time the child angel, Ethiel. I at last learned to hunger for her coming, and on those occasions I found within me renewed longings for a better life, whereupon I became more

constant in my prayers for her presence, and the more earnest they were the more frequently she came as the messenger of glad tidings to my longing soul.

"Many were the generations of men who had mingled again with the dust of the Earth, while their spirits wended their way toward Heaven or their appointed probation, ere the simple pleadings of my heavenly Ethiel won my calloused heart to love the name of my Redeemer. Though the afflictions which encompassed me about in time past were wont to draw forth curses from my lips, they now seemed but a poor equivalent for that promised home where Abella and Ethiel dwelt, and where my Redeemer, with them, would meet me at the river shore.

"The time came when there were tokens of something unusual, for the souls whom a life in Hadea had purified and made ready were led by the hands of Airarchs, who were there in great numbers, but no one could depict the feelings of my heart when I saw the gathering hosts of the angels of Immanuel, and, more than all, when I saw bounding through the air the form of the little Airarch Ethiel, my child, the silver tones of whose voice rang out upon that noon-day air with these words:

"'Come, father, all is ready!'

"With a pitying look upon those about me who had yet many years to remain, I ascended with her to the waiting hosts above. Ere long the gathered multitude moved on. Ethiel said:

"'Father, henceforth let no sadness mar thy joy, for these thou hast left behind, if faithful, will in due time rejoice with us in the presence of our Redeemer.'"

As we were now coming quite near the heavenly homes of Caina and his kindred, Caina said:

"Thou canst well conceive the rest of my story, for as it was in the day when our Redeemer took Alvero by the hand and blessed him and clothed him with the robes of an angel, even so was it with me. Blessed be the name of my Redeemer."

We now bade adieu to Caina and his brother, with those accompanying them, and soon again we were welcomed to our own homes by those who had arrived there before us.

To muse over the great events and wonderful scenes of the past few days, I retreated to a vine-clad bower, close to the pebbled stream of a woody dell, and there, under the influence of soft music, as it gently fell upon my ear from the golden harps among the branches of the trees, I thought of the bliss and the endless life of Paradise, and

with a thrill of joy arose the fond hope of an immortal life for dear kindred and friends on Earth. I now heard the welcome voice of Gabrela, as she sang from her heart with a melody belonging only to an angel of Heaven, and the rustling of her nearing footsteps gave me the sweet promise of an interchange of heavenly thought, the realization of which was mine to share, as she now recounted the many wonders of the Kingdom of our Redeemer, reserved only for the knowledge of the redeemed soul. But I learned from her that flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of Heaven, and as these are the elements of the animal nature, they are necessarily confined to the Earth and Hadea, and are the means by which the sexless soul of man shall become purified and made fit for the enjoyment of an eternal life. And until the immortal spirit of man shall escape from the servitude of the ever-crying demands of this flesh and blood, a thick veil shall hide him from the sight of the better land, where no living creature with an earthly nature shall mar the perennial joy of their lives, wherein sorrows shall be lost in the eternity of happiness.

There having now assembled a large concourse of angels at the heavenly mansion, we turned

away to greet them and were soon rejoicing in the midst of many I had not seen before.

It is not in the power of language to justly portray the transcendent beauty of the scene which was before me. The fascinating beauty of each individual angel, as he bounded with elastic step, and at times scarcely touched the smooth verdure beneath his feet, seemed enough for my now seraphic enjoyment. But the sight thereof was soon accompanied by the smooth running stream of social enjoyment flowing out from their heavenly natures and the felicity of their surrounding, which, with the brightness of the glittering chariots, clothed in all their varied beauty, as they stood waiting upon the green field ready to move at the will of their seraphic owners, together with the enchanting splendor of every visible object, brought me to contemplate the condescending love of the Infinite Jehovah to us, through His beloved Son, Immanuel, who thus prepared for us so glorious an inheritance, such as will never fade away. And also the awful sublimity of Infinite Power, of which I can only find expression in the inspired words of a Cherub, who also mingled in the company, and who was of very ancient birth, when in poetic language

he spoke as one standing among the children of Mortality:

"Myriads of worlds, seen and unseen,
As burning lights bedeck the vastness
Of eternity. What is Earth
That Thou, oh incomprehensible
Source and Fountain of all things,
Should take thought of its existence,
Or heed the mingled murmurings
Of its anxious hearts,
Or be glad at their ephemeral
Rejoicings, when, as an atom
Of dust in the dizzy depths
Of eternity, Earth moves on
With its companionship of countless
Worlds through space, perhaps
Where never yet its course
Had been before?"

"But Thou, Jehovah, source of light
And life, delightest in every work divine
Of Him who formed the Earth,
With Hadea's dark abode,
Who reigns with love supreme in Paradise.
All His works Thy hand upholds."

Before we proceed farther it will be well for us to be reminded that, as the immortal spirit is invisible, the heavenly world in which they dwell is also unseen and governed by immutable laws of motion and existence, from whence comes its endless duration and the eternity of life and happi-

ness therein, while Earth and the things therein are subject to changes and uncertainties.

I will also rehearse briefly some other truths surrounding this beautiful Paradise and its angels. The first, which stands out with the greatest effulgence, is mind and its creative power, decreasing in its power with each successive distance from the great Author of the Universe, until, when clothed with mortality, it becomes only inventive, but executed with the weary toil of mortal hands.

I saw that food was not to support angelic life, but as an enjoyment they partook of its rich profusion, prepared by nature's hands for their use. Next comes to our notice the enlarged duties of the well known principle of inward law, or conscience, which becomes as a tablet, recording with an unerring memory every item of knowledge, as well as that concerning good and evil.

Act of judgment, thought, and consideration become a part of its vocation, and here I saw distinctly that what on Earth was termed conscience, was but a small glimmer of the angelic mind, which bursts forth as the rising sun upon the new-born angel, who has just been emancipated from the durance of mortality. And the nearer man keeps to the singleness of this small part of the angelic mind, which is ever under in-

fallible control of the Divine Spirit, the clearer will be unto him its action.

So I found no occasion for the recording of events or of thought in the Kingdom of Heaven, as every redeemed soul was an inexhaustible library unto himself. I saw no display of handicraft, therefore all things were supplied through the process of nature's law, directed by the great powers of the angelic mind.

As every object on Earth is developed by the slow process of natural causes, directed by the creative power of Immanuel, even so are the angels of Heaven enabled to do continually greater works than the miracles of holy men of old, and because of their creative power there is no exchange of possessions, consequently no cities, large or small, for the convenience of traffic.

Paradise, the New Jerusalem and Haven of Rest, is a city of mansions, interspersed with green fields, foliage, fruits, and flowers, with rarer beauties unlawful to name, while its pavements are of pure gold, where the glory of Immanuel's presence makes glad the hearts of the redeemed, while no night, no toil or weariness disturb the joy or the rest of its people, and where evil melts into nothingness before His love.

We must now return to that seraphic assembly

of social beings at the home of Altheous and Gabrela, for there, in the midst of our enjoyment, we heard the long deep vibrations of another trumpet-call, succeeding the interlude of deep silence which followed it. I heard the joyous shouts of the three Airarch sisters, which were mingled with sweet strains of music from the golden harps of Vernecis and Fidelia.

These four sisters and their brother, together with Gabrela, having the power of aerial flight, arose from the happy assembly and remained in the air above them for a season until the mystic clouds had almost overshadowed them. Amid the loud anthems to Immanuel from the assembled angels, accompanied by the ever delightful sound of heavenly music, they departed for the mutable regions of Earth.

When Seraphs and Archangels sound the great joy of Immanuel from their golden trumpets over each soul to be redeemed from mortality, there is a ripple of ecstatic emotion beyond the veil, encircling the death scene of some dear one, who is soon to be a heavenly babe in their midst. And thus it was in the hour of pestilence, when death went forth as a mighty conqueror to lay low in the same dust the master and the slave.

In such an hour I saw the dread scourge as a

pall settle about the lovely cottage of two aged pilgrims, named Jacob and Martha, who, through the desolation of sickness and death, had been brought nearer to a close dependence upon their Heavenly Father. Their five children, three small babes, and two others, who, after long years of pitiful deformity, were gathered to their eternal home, while they themselves plodded the weary length of their seemingly long pilgrimage alone, in physical weakness and poverty, until the dire plague came, as an instrument in the hands of their Redeemer, to break the bond which bound them to the trials of an earthly life.

And now friends and neighbors, who revered their many virtues, gathered around the empty caskets to lay them away tenderly and silently in the lonely confines of the tomb. But how was it beyond the veil, from whence bright streams of glory oftentimes light up the dark chambers of the sick and dying?

I saw there a little band of angels, consisting of Cherubim and Airarchs, with Gabrela as their companion. I also heard the sound of the minstrels of Gabriel approaching, and again I beheld him, arrayed in the brightness of his glory, presenting unto these children of Paradise the newly redeemed souls of father and mother, around

whom they gathered with fresh garlands of fragrant flowers, while music and the voice of song declared the great joy of their hearts over their final reunion with parents, so loved and revered.

The little band, with their precious charges, having left behind them the fleeting shadows of Earth, now pressed on through the dark wastes for the shores of Immanuel. The happy company of angelic friends and neighbors still continued at the house of Altheous and Gabrela, where they resolved to await the return of the joyous escort, who were quite near, and in view of many. Now with instruments of heavenly music and bright flowers of sweetest fragrance, they made welcome the new-born angels of Paradise, who had now arrived, having all passed through the gates of pearl, save Gabrela, who waited for her Redeemer.

Here again I saw the final meeting of that once afflicted family, a part of whom were destined to walk the thorny path of earthly life, under the gloomy canopy of continued sorrow and disappointments.

But where shall we find eloquence of language or the power of imagination sufficient to give the faintest idea of the glory which now surrounds them. They, with the angelic multitude around them, with prostrate forms and faces toward the

Throne of Immanuel, endeavor to glorify with praise and thanksgiving their beloved Redeemer, who, having walked with them through all the deep trials of mortality, hath now gathered them all within the eternal fold of His precious lambs.

At this moment I saw in the far distance an approaching cloud, with the rays of divine glory issuing therefrom, and ere the adoring multitude had risen from their posture, the glory of Immanuel had overspread them. I now beheld the Archangel Gabriel among the host which accompanied Him, together with a number of Seraphs, and also many Cherubs and Airarchs, with a number of the higher order of angels, whom our Lord and Redeemer delights to gather around Him, among whom I beheld the beautiful form of Gabrela descending with her Redeemer and the host about him.

As the escort of Immanuel now stood over the assembly of angelic kindred, friends and neighbors, there came as a rippling wave, clear heavenly music from harps and other instruments of gold, when suddenly all was stillness. Immanuel and the Archangel Gabriel descended to the prostrate forms of the once Jacob and Martha. Said he:

"My beloved children, arise!"

He now took from the hand of the Archangel

two golden crosses, with two jewels of great beauty. He breathed upon them and they became two beautiful diadems of gold, decked with many precious jewels. After He had placed them upon their brows He called them by their new names, which were Zenola and Ordelia. He now blessed them, saying:

"You have been tried in the furnace of affliction and have been purified, therefore the wings of the air shall be your chariots, and you shall behold my face, as do your children. When you behold me, with the Seraphic Host, depart from the midst of you, turn your eyes toward the mansion of Homillia, the home of your children, for close by I have prepared a place for you, where you shall build a beautiful house, not made by hands, but by the power of the gift which is in you, and there you and your children, who have become the Airarchs of my Kingdom, shall dwell forever."

He now departed amid loud shouts of "Glory to Him who saved us and redeemed us to be His children in Paradise."

It was not many days after this, their first entrance upon the bliss of eternal life, when I beheld his father and mother in their heavenly home, with their three Airarch children about them, while Vernecis and Fidelia are continually

before their vision, with whom they may hold communion at any time. Here, beneath the mellow light of an eternal day, they have received the inheritance of the patient in affliction, where peace, joy and eternal rest shall be their portion forever.

The mutable elements of Earth being now stirred in seeming wrath against themselves, I heard the voice of thunder, amid the flash of the lightning's glare, out of which I heard the voice of our Redeemer, saying:

"In a little while shall the number of places prepared for my children equal the number of families whom I have sent forth into the world. Then shall I declare, by the voice of the trumpets of the Archangels, that Time shall be no more."

Amid continued shocks of the contending elements around me, I awoke from my dream, the memory of which is as a continued stream of cooling water, from which I am often refreshed, and unto which I invite many, that they may also be refreshed.

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